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OF unusual significance is the news that British, French and Italian labor has set aside July 20th for a day of general demonstration against Allied intervention in Russia. Against the counsel of parliamentary leaders like Arthur Henderson, and under the leadership of trade unionists like Robert Smillie, the British Labor party conference at Southport voted two to one to call upon the Trade Union Congress for "industrial action" to compel the British government to cease its military operations in Russia. Without a dissenting vote the conference adopted a second resolution condemning conscription and calling upon the Triple Alliance and the Trade Union Congress to take industrial action to abolish it.

"UNDER the circumstances," says the Associated Press, the signing of the treaty brought the diplomats a sense of "relief," and not of "complete satisfaction." This was because of two unanticipated incidents: China refused to sign a treaty despoiling her rights in Shantung; and General Jan Smuts declared that he signed only under protest, that the indemnities stipulated would cause injury to the industrial revival of Europe, that there were territorial settlements which needed revision, and that "the real work of making peace will only begin after this treaty has been signed and a definite halt has thereby been called to the destructive passions that have been desolating Europe for

nearly five years." His statement is in sharp contrast to one made simultaneously by the President of the United States, declaring the treaty to be "a charter for a new order of affairs in the world."

PRESIDENT WILSON'S speech at Poincaré's dinner marks a turning-point in his political argument. The conception of peace with which the President started, two years ago, was that "only a peace between equals can last;" any other peace "would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which the terms of peace would rest, not permanently, but only as upon quicksand." In Paris, as the treaty began unmistakably to show the impact of French and British ambitions, the President's philosophy may gradually have shifted. But in his speech of last Thursday there is the first open statement of the change: "Merely to beat a nation that was wrong once is not enough. There must follow the warning to all other nations that would do like things that they in turn will be vanquished and shamed. . . ."

AT least in Germany there are already signs that the peace has indeed been built on quicksand. There is one secessionist move in eastern Germany; the French work diligently for another in the Rhine Valley. But more serious than territorial disintegration is the threat of warfare between groups in every district. The treaty has given the Spartacides a new opportunity; there is revolt in Hamburg, riot in Berlin. These disorders are only the prelude to a long period of disorganization.

CLEMENCEAU'S willingness to postpone general elections in France may be chiefly due to the unsteadiness of the industrial situation. Different groups seem to have swung very far towards a programme of radical "direct action." Copies of Humanité, recently arrived in this country, report that the railwaymen's unions of Paris have withdrawn funds set aside for the national loan, "as protest against the government's present military expeditions;" have opposed the government's policy toward Hungary, Russia, and Germany, and declared themselves "in favor of immediate action for the purpose of stopping the passage of the troop trains, munition trains and supply trains, with the exception of leave trains, in order to stop the enterprises undertaken by the French government against the strikes which are in progress, against peoples in revolution and

soldiers in revolt." Since this manifesto was issued the railway strikes in Paris have at least temporarily been settled. But whether the revolutionary temper of the railwaymen is shared by any other industrial groups the censorship prevents us from knowing.

THE working of the French censorship often takes an odd turn. In a recent copy of *Humanité* there is an article dealing with the conduct of the British troops who were called upon to suppress the nationalist revolts in Egypt. And it bears this headline: "Des ——— dans l'armée anglaise."

THE new Nitti government in Italy is under fire from the Nationalist press, which accuses it of being ready to sacrifice essential imperialist war aims. In his address to the Senate the new Foreign Minister, Tittoni, renounced the Sonnino policy of secret diplomacy: "The era of secrets which involved nations without their knowledge into alliances and wars is definitely over." But Tittoni in this speech made no explicit rejection of any Italian ambitions for territory. In fact he suggested that while England and France had won their share of the spoils in Africa and Asia, Italy had been left out of the bargain. The Nitti Cabinet has a difficult course, if it chooses to steer between the disgruntled imperialists and the socialists who demand sweeping changes at home.

IT is an interesting interview which Bela Kun has given to a staff correspondent of the *London Daily Herald*: "The coal mines of Salgotarjan are safe again and at full work. . . . The organization of cooperative agricultural societies on the communized estates is rapidly proceeding. In the county of Somogy alone more than 700,000 acres are worked with excellent results by cooperative societies, including more than 7,000 members. Trade and commerce have by now been completely socialized, and we are engaged in the reorganization of our whole economic life. Our main task is to raise production and to counterbalance the lack of raw materials by wise distribution of supplies." A variety of reports make it seem that Bela Kun is stating his case in terms too optimistic. But it is significant of a lesson learned in Russia that he puts so much emphasis on "production."

SOME French newspaper comment on the "recognition" of Kolchak is at hand. We strongly urge those who think that they are assisting a democratic restoration based on Allied guarantees to ponder deeply, and then ponder once again, and yet again, the following bit of honesty from the inspired columns of the *Matin*, (Paris, May 25, 1919): "They (i.e. the Big Four) mean to impose conditions on Kolchak. Let them take care. When he gets to Moscow, he will do what he likes, and not what the Allies command, and it is never advantageous to speak in an authoritative tone to people over whom one has no definite means of action."

OR this, on May 28th, by the semi-official *M. Herbet* of the *Temps*: "There are two opposite risks: if Russia

is quickly reconstituted, and becomes again a great unity, she will wish to resume her place in the sun. She will want to settle for herself her relations with the little peoples of the Baltic. She will claim the real internationalization of the Straits. She will object to a foreign Power exercising a mandate over the Armenians, she will have a Balkan policy. . . . To avoid this risk certain people propose to perpetuate the dismemberment of Russia. This policy is more dangerous than the first. Russian unity is the result of an evolution. To believe that one can dislocate Russia is an illusion. One can only mutilate her. That means that she will feel herself one of the conquered nations, and discover a community of interests with Germany."

IN these bursts of candor and in these typical diplomatic calculations, Americans have a sample of the official mind which instigates the Kolchak business, the intrigues with Denikin, the futilities in North Russia and Mr. Churchill's escapades all around the periphery. What, pray, have they to do with American ideals?

ASSOCIATED PRESS reports say that the question of getting the Czecho-Slovak troops out of Russia has become "a pressing problem." These soldiers "have become so dissatisfied and restless that their usefulness in Siberia is believed to be at an end." In other words, they are going Bolshevik. What is to be done with them? "It has been suggested," says the Associated Press, "that they might be sent westward over the trans-Siberian line and given an opportunity to fight their way through the Bolsheviks in Russia." There is no doubt an opportunity here for someone; but ought it be bestowed on the Czechs? The "westward-moving Czechoslovaks" were the ostensible reason for American intervention in Siberia. They have filled a place for a long time. Cannot ships enough be spared to bring them home via Vladivostok?

THROUGHOUT the war the charge of pro-Germanism was persistently applied to anyone who suggested that ever in the future would there be commerce between the United States and Germany. Leagues were organized to ward off the possibility. But today? Today we see a Republican Senate, under the leadership of Mr. Fall, struggling to put through a resolution declaring the war at an end—so that our business men, in Mr. Fall's words, will not "be barred from Germany while their competitors would be getting the advantage of an early entrance into the field." It is now announced from Paris, however, that the Allies will not wait for final ratification before lifting the blockade. If this is true then one purpose of the Fall resolution is already achieved. But aside from the question of trade with Germany there will be pressure in the United States for "an end to the war." Passage of Mr. Fall's measure would secure for the Senate an opportunity to consider the treaty and Covenant with more thoroughness. To that thoroughness the Senate is entitled.

IT is hard to guess whether the Republican leaders have succeeded in securing an agreement among their party members in the Senate. When the Root proposals were first published it was said that they had received general Republican

support. But apparently Senators like Mr. Borah and Mr. Johnson raised objections. Mr. Root proposed that reservation be made in respect to Article X, the Monroe Doctrine, and the right of withdrawal from the League. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Borah evidently want these reservations made entirely explicit. They are said to want the insertion of a clause providing that the Covenant shall not be operative, as to the United States, unless reservations made by the American Senate are definitely accepted by the other signatories of the treaty. If Republican agreement is possible it will apparently have to be along these lines.

ON May 3rd Mr. William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, raised the cry of Bolshevism. Addressing the Conference of Governors in Washington he declared that "these strikes in Lawrence, Seattle and Butte and other places are not industrial economic disputes in their origin, but are the results of a deliberate organized attempt at a social and political movement to establish soviet government in the United States." The strike in Lawrence is now settled. No soviet has been established. The mills simply met the strikers' demands for wages and the strikers returned to their jobs. They won what they were fighting for. It was entirely and exclusively an economic dispute. But Mr. Wilson—so far, at least—has retracted no part of a statement which has done great mischief.

THE negro who was lynched at Ellisville, Mississippi, had received so many gunshot wounds before his capture that the physician who examined him said he could not live twenty-four hours. But mob justice demanded that he die on the limb of a tree. He was hanged, riddled, and burned. Governor Bilbo, asked to intervene, declared himself "utterly powerless." "Nobody," he said, "can keep the inevitable from happening." And part of the inevitable seems to be what fails to happen, afterwards. The concluding line of the present dispatch is a familiar one. "No arrests have been made."

DR. BORODIN, a new emissary to the United States from Admiral Kolchak, has asked that American troops be used in the fight to stamp out Bolshevism. How many young Americans are anxious to go to Russia for that purpose? General March states that of 14,000 recent volunteers who specified the duty to which they would like to be sent, just 40 chose Siberia. The Army Recruiting Service is now making a special class for men to serve in Russia. One war is at an end; how much longer are we to keep troops in Siberia without the declaration of a new one?

"TERRORISM must be given no room in our land," says a statement signed by Henry Sloan Coffin, Frank Mason North, and other well known churchmen in New York City. Farther on, the statement says: "A common resolve to abide by our time-honored principles of free discussion and the regular processes of constitutional government is the need of the hour. Unhappily violence, recently employed in the name of patriotism, has been allowed to go unpunished by the authorities, and has even been praised by leaders in government and in the press. In New York

on May Day peaceful meetings were attacked. The Call building was raided, and innocent men and women suffered serious injuries. Many voices openly praised such treatment of 'the reds.' But condonations of violence lead to contempt of law and strengthen those who counsel revolution."

WHILE rumors draw headlines many fundamental events in industry are passed by without notice. Nine years ago, when the first great clothing strike resulted in an agreement between Hart, Schaffner & Marx and the unions, the other clothing houses in Chicago forced their employees into submission. Since that time there has been warfare in the industry, with strikes often and prolonged. Recently, however, the employers have abandoned their opposition and yielded to the demand of the unions for recognition. They have accepted the Hart, Schaffner & Marx agreement as the basis for relations with their employees. The clothing houses of Chicago were the last great barrier in the industry against union organization.

PROPHETIC of national action, possibly, is the programme which four hundred Republican clubs in New Jersey have agreed upon. They have prepared for all comers. There is universal military training for the Security Leaguer; a referendum on war for the pacifist; "a short day and high pay" for the workman; increased production ("by labor") for the employer; condemnation of income taxes, for the wealthy; restriction of immigration, for the poor. It is a varied display—every stocking filled. Perhaps a presidential candidate can be found whose inconsistencies would match those in a national programme drawn on these lines; but would his Congress be willing and able to follow him? "If you don't see what you want," say the New Jersey Republicans, "ask for it."

THE one government agency specifically charged with the interests of women workers is the Women-in-Industry Service of the Department of Labor. The appropriation for its maintenance is carried in a measure known as the Sundry Civil bill. That measure contains generous items. It appropriates \$180,000, for instance, for a half dozen new public buildings in Nashville, Steubenville, Eldorado and other places. But it grants only \$40,000 to the Women-in-Industry Service—despite the fact that there are eight million women workers between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one in whom the government ought to take an interest. The Review, not long ago, defined "true idealism" as "the seeking of an ideal, not the promising of its attainment at a given state." We are inclined to think that Congress regards the Women-in-Industry Service as an experiment in that sort of true idealism.

IN the Sundry Civil Bill are also carried, each year, appropriations for many government salaries. A few increases are made by this year's measure, but in its present form the bill leaves customs employees, custodian forces in public buildings, immigration employees and other workers on the old basis of salaries ranging as low as \$480 a year. The government's own estimate is that \$1,500 is neces-

sary to support a family in minimum comfort. Naturally these underpaid employees do not have a heart in their work. Five hundred customs employees, for instance, have resigned during the past year. Governments have reached the stage of international labor treaties before they have raised their own employees to a respectable salary basis.

DESPITE Mr. Burleson's example there are other Cabinet officers who do not regard the trade unions as Bolshevism in masquerade. In the Navy Department Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt has introduced a liberal innovation. After conference with the union of federal employees he has directed that wage boards be set up in all the navy yards and stations to recommend adjustments of pay for classified civil service employees. More than fifteen thousand men and women will be affected by this order—most of them clerks receiving lower salaries than mechanical workers. Provision of wage boards is a definite application of the principle of collective bargaining, and it is important for the government to take the lead in applying that principle.

"WHILE we rejoice in the adoption of all such ameliorative measures as better housing and various forms of social insurance," says a new report of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Church, "we call for the more thorough-going emphasis on human freedom which will make democratic progress mean the enlargement and enrichment of the life of the masses through the self-directive activity of men themselves." To this end the Board recommends for workers a share in the direction of industry.

The Moral Recovery of Germany

"Even a world revolution cannot rid us of the malady from which we are wearing away. Only by a revolution of our moral consciousness can we succeed in raising ourselves out of our night into a better future."

WHETHER these words of the present Premier of Germany express a genuine conviction on the part of many Germans, we do not know; but the better future for Germany of which the Premier speaks, depends on the ability of a sufficient number of Germans to saturate themselves with a conviction of the immediate moral bankruptcy of the German nation. If they allow a sense of the deep grievances with which their enemies have endowed them in the treaty of peace to prevent them from purging their national conscience of its foetid obsessions, they will indefinitely postpone their own recovery. During the past few weeks they have passed through the most harrowing possible catastrophe which can befall a proud self-conscious people, who for a thousand years have claimed an honorable share in the common life of Christendom. Their enemies have forced

them to sign, under the penalty of starvation, a confession of exclusive guilt for the war—a confession which in their opinion "aims at divesting the German people of their honor." They have passionately denied that "any act of violence can touch the honor of the German people," but they have signed and by signing they did divest themselves of what they called their honor. No matter how passionately they may protest and no matter how real the grievances with which their enemies have compensated them for their sins, their signature on the dotted line does deprive them of moral self-respect and does impose upon them a revolution in their moral consciousness.

We trust they will not misread the lesson of their own behavior. Saturday, June 28th, was the Day of Judgment for the old German nation. At the ultimate moment nothing but their own peculiar share of the guilt for the common calamity forced them to affirm their national dishonor. We do not know of any historical crisis in which passive resistance to an act of violence promised to be more quickly and substantially vindicated than on the momentous occasion of the proposed ratification by the German nation of the Treaty of Versailles. Public opinion in the Allied countries was deeply divided about the treaty. It would have soon revolted at the spectacle of forcing a defenseless and suffering people to sign a compact which deprived them of all the essentials of national self-determination. The German leaders had themselves repeatedly and uncompromisingly refused to sign. The pitiful and terrible infirmity of complete submission only a few days after they had solemnly affirmed its impossibility deprives those leaders of title to future confidence. The reason for submission after swearing they would never submit is painfully obvious. The German nation could not in its hour of grievous need stand firm in the vindication of its own integrity. It was morally as well as physically defenseless. It had no faith in itself or in its officials. Their responsibility for the downfall was almost as clear and as considerable as that of the Junkers and of the dynasty. It had lost faith also in its household gods. Its sacred images were broken when the political structure collapsed. But finally and above all, the worship of power which its teachers had wrought into the national consciousness prohibited the union of the German people on a policy of passive resistance. Imperial Germany had lived by exploiting power and by ignoring in other peoples a moral resistance which could not summon physical resistance to its aid. In her own moment of anguish she could not invoke for her own benefit a salutary faith in the ultimate invincibility of her own cause as intrinsically good. However good it was as

against the inhumanity of her enemies, it could not prevail against the killing indictment of her own conscience.

If the "revolution in the moral consciousness" of Germany is to be salutary, it must deal drastically with the appraisal which German intelligence has placed upon the facts of German national expansion. It is literally true that at the outbreak of the war the Germans were suffering from patriotic megalomania. They had forged a theory of political behavior which justified a powerful nation in imposing its authority and its culture upon its weaker neighbors. They had invented a pseudo-science of anthropology which assigned to the Teutonic peoples the imperial mission of dominating the world as the inevitable consequences of their own racial superiority. These theories were accepted by the majority of intelligent and cultivated men in Germany, and they worked themselves into the German national consciousness. They were consecrated by the halo of righteousness with which a sober, God-fearing, Protestant and successful people can always crown its own behavior. Many of the ablest and best men in Germany believed them without apparently having their convictions troubled by the slightest misgivings. The German national propaganda was only too successful. Like most propaganda it was intended not so much to win converts as to reassure the true believers. It did not convince anybody but Germans, but it unfortunately did convince the Germans. They succumbed to the obsession of their own mythology. They put aside the realistic calculation of political chances, by which Bismarck had built up the structure of German powers and embarked on a crazy adventure in world conquest. By undertaking such an adventure they inflicted a grievous injury on the rest of the world, but that is not the whole story. When they embarked on an essentially wicked enterprise possessed by a mad illusion of their own righteousness, they were committing an unforgivable offense to their own national integrity. They are now paying not merely for doing wrong, but for so successfully fooling themselves that they were doing right while they were doing wrong.

The German people will not regain their moral self-possession quickly and easily. The fatality which inhibited them from uniting on a policy of passive resistance to the palpable injustice of their enemies' demands, which prevented them from prolonging in the interest of their national self-respect physical sufferings which they had endured in the interest of military victory, will persist during the early years of this chaotic peace. Their disintegration will continue for some time. There will be times and occasions when it will look as if

the irreconcilable enemies of the German nation had succeeded in annihilating German national consciousness. The difficulties of executing the treaty and of restoring to the German people an operative national and social economy will be more formidable than the difficulty of signing the treaty. The nation which could not gather itself together for the moral effort of resisting an act of violence will scarcely gather itself together for the longer and more exhausting effort of economic and social recuperation—particularly when one of the conditions of recuperation is a deeply controversial revolution in German political, social and economic institutions. The treaty practically abolishes private property in Germany. Under the circumstances it will take many years to adjust the psychology and the habits of the German nation to socialized production. In the meantime the German people will be torn by class animosities, social disorder, moral chagrin and all kinds of infirmity and frustration of spirit.

The reaction of these disorders on the political and social stability of other European nations will constitute the revenge which the German people will wreak upon their victorious enemies for compelling them to sign the Treaty of Versailles. The French and the English, the Poles and the Czechs, are deeply apprehensive about the future restoration of German national virility, but that should be the least of their misgivings. They have far more to fear from the continued collapse of German national morale than from its revival. The integrity of their own national lives and the future of Europe as a group of interdependent self-respecting nations depends upon the restoration of national coherence in Russia and Germany. By fomenting, as they are, class warfare in Russia and by specifying in the treaty a similar catastrophe for Germany and Austria, they are doing far more to compromise their own future as nations than they would by helping Germany to recover her national morale. The German nation is prostrate, but the German attack on the moral foundation of nationalism is not dead. It lives on victoriously in the policy of the enemies of Germany. Just as the Germans invented a theory of racial superiority in order to justify them in lording over other peoples, so the Allies have invented a theory of intrinsic German moral inferiority in order to justify the violation by themselves of the right which the Germans share with other peoples to national self-determination. If they continue to practice that theory they themselves will ultimately incur the penalty they are now imposing on Germany.

As a consequence of following Germany's example, the victors have taken passage in the same boat with Germany. They will eventually suffer

from a similar although less acute and severe attack of moral disorganization. The course they have pursued in writing the treaty of peace instead of sharply distinguishing, as they intended, their own future from that of Germany has plunged victors and vanquished together into a common pit of defalcation. They have forfeited their moral advantage over Germany by remembering it only as justification for punishment and forgetting it as an obligation to deal fairly with a powerless people.

The irretrievable offense embodied in the Treaty of Versailles does not consist in forcing the Germans to consent to specific conditions of peace which "without presenting any material significance" were intended to deprive the German nation of self-respect. There was, as we have already noted, something salutary in forcing Germany to sign a confession of guilt when her inability to refuse was itself one consequence of that guilt. What is insufferably offensive is the commission, enforced by the threat of starvation, in the same document which convicts Germany of a crime against the liberty and security of her neighbors, of a more humanly excusable but not more morally justifiable assault on German liberty and security. The Allies have done what they could to compensate the German nation for the loss of its self-respect, but such compensation will not benefit either the giver or the receiver. It will delay the moral recovery of Germany. It will compromise the future national self-possession of the enemies of Germany. Finally it will perpetuate in the life of the new society of nations the moral anarchy which poisoned the life of the old society of nations.

The treatment of Germany by the Allies brings with it one paradoxical result. Now that victors and vanquished are sharing a common danger of national disintegration, they will need one another's help in order to escape from the danger. But the greater responsibility will fall on the victors who possess the power. The future of the moral self-possession of Germany will depend chiefly upon the conversion of her victorious enemies to the idea that her recovery rather than her humiliation and degradation is necessary to their own health. Such a conversion will, we believe, take place. The people in the Allied countries will gradually realize the disastrous consequences to themselves and the inevitable thwarting of human life which follows from continuing to treat Germany as a moral defective without the same rights as other nations. They will repudiate the rulers who have written the Treaty of Versailles and conferred on the German nation a mischievous compensation for its own guilty conscience. They will explicitly or implicitly

admit the offense of their present conduct by rewriting the treaty until it is fortified by the willing consent of the German and the Russian peoples. The logic of their victory and their own insistence on the admission by Germany of her guilt have established their responsibility for the future moral health of their present victim. They can redeem that responsibility in a manner which secures their own future only by undoing their present work and seeking reconciliation with the enemy whom they are now maltreating.

Pitiless Publicity About Russia

NOW that a treaty has been accepted by Germany, we have the problem of clearing up our relations with Russia. We cannot even pretend that there is peace while we are engaged in blockading a hundred million people, in subsidizing civil war, and in maintaining troops in Siberia. But we cannot clear up anything, and we cannot, therefore, decide anything until we know the facts. We do not know them. For never in the history of American diplomacy has any administration entangled itself so deeply in secret negotiation as has this administration this last year in respect to Russia.

Our relations with Russia have been regarded as a phase of our war against Germany. That war is over. There is no longer any excuse, therefore, for concealing any of the Russian documents, and Congress can do no greater service to American honor and American interests than to call upon the State Department for all the papers in the case, and for explanations.

These papers should cover, among other things, the following: The negotiations with Japan and the other Allies in regard to Siberian intervention in the early months of 1918. They were referred to in the press. They ought now to be revealed. The proposals made by the Soviet government previous to the ratification of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. The reasons for the sudden and dramatic reversal of policy in July, 1918, which resulted in the sending of troops to Russia. The history and the purposes of the expedition to Archangel. The texts of all proposals made by the Soviet government. The documents in the Prinkipo affair. The documents in the Bullitt affair. The documents in the Nansen affair. All the documents exchanged with any other Power and with the government at Omsk in regard to assistance to or recognition of Admiral Kolchak. We have had glimpses of all these matters in the press. Let us now see the whole business, so that we may know where we stand.

America has got to know the secret history in order that it may make up its mind whether those who have conducted its Russian policy have any fixed purpose, any clear plan, any intention consistent with American tradition, or whether they have been tossed about helplessly, protesting vainly, without a rudder, on the sea of European diplomacy. The time has come to find out, not by assertions, nor by mass meetings, but by a cold examination of the evidence just where we are and why we are there and what we are supposed to be doing. Did we go to Archangel to keep supplies from the Germans? Were the supplies there when we arrived? If they were, what did guarding them have to do with a war over two hundred miles south of Archangel? Why did we blockade Russia? To keep supplies from the Germans? If so, why do we continue to blockade her, now that we are about to lift the blockade of Germany itself? Did we go to Vladivostok to keep supplies from the Germans and to reconstitute the eastern front? If so, now that we are no longer at war with Germany and do not need an eastern front, by what authority do we act as part of the Service of Supply in a war at the Urals conducted supposedly by Russians against Russians?

Are we or are we not at war with the Soviet government? We are blockading the territory in which the Soviet government rules; we are assisting the government which is waging war against it. Those are usually regarded as acts of war. Is it outrageous to suggest that the war-making power resides in the Congress of the United States, and that if Congress cares anything about its own dignity, its own prerogatives, the nation's dignity and the nation's interests, it will inquire into the whole matter from a to z, and then make a decision one way or the other?

The obvious retort is that all this is an attempt to help the Bolsheviks. It is nothing of the kind, and he who says so is not telling the truth. If what we have been doing and are doing in Russia is wise and loyal to the American tradition, publicity will merely advertise the wisdom and Americanism of our policy. Surely it is a libel to suggest that there is anything we should not be willing to publish to all the world. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth can hurt nobody who does not deserve to be hurt. We see no evidence that the policy pursued up to date has stopped Bolshevism. Lenin has been in power longer than any other prime minister who has been engaged in the war on the continent of Europe. Eighteen months of our so-called policy in regard to Bolshevism has killed and starved a lot of Russians, but Lenin's government is still there, and Bolshevism is more

of a danger than it ever was. That policy may not have spread Bolshevism; it certainly has done nothing noticeable to stop it.

It ought to be stopped. Everything within human possibility ought to be done to save Europe as a whole from the catastrophe of more violence, more disorder, more civil war, and still further exhaustion. Were Bolshevism the most beautiful ideal in the world, which it certainly is not, Europe is too poor and too exhausted now to experiment with it. But the plain fact about the policy of the Allies is that it does not stop Bolshevism, either in Russia, or anywhere else. The thing is a failure in practice. It just does not work. It does not deliver the goods. It does not accomplish the object which it professes. The Allies with our consent and assistance have tried war, starvation, intrigue, and the most gigantic propaganda the world has ever seen. And still the campaign is a failure.

The time has come to find out why it is a failure, and there is no way of finding out except by lifting the curtain of secrecy. Perhaps by lifting the curtain we shall find out that we are failing because our blockade and our little wars have convinced the Russian people that it isn't Lenin's methods nor Lenin's theories which are the cause of their hunger and their distress but the hostility of foreigners. Perhaps the net result has been to strengthen Lenin by acquitting him in the eyes of the Russian people of evils that in themselves might be enough to overthrow him or to change him radically. Perhaps we have united Russian patriotism behind a man who despises patriotism because he is at the moment defending the soil of Russia. Perhaps we have driven all the moderate elements into Lenin's camp, because we are subsidizing the Kolchaks and Denikins who are said to be bent on restoring the autocracy. And outside of Russia, perhaps we are recommending Lenin to the working classes because all that we seem able to do is to play with the courtiers of the Tsar. Perhaps, we have made the labor leaders suspect that everything hopeless, reactionary and imperialistic in the world is masquerading as an anti-Bolshevik.

And so, it may be, that a study of the evidence will convince us that the way to cure what is evil in Bolshevism is to let the Russians fight it out by themselves, to quit starving them, and then to set sincerely to work on democratic principles making a world so decent, so attractive, so humane, so earnestly progressive, that there will be few to argue and less to listen when anyone says that the evils and injustices of society can only be cured by Lenin's method. But before we shall be ready to do that, we shall need a heavy application of pitiless publicity.

Try Bethmann

THE man who was Chancellor of the German empire at the outbreak of the war offers to stand trial before an international tribunal. He claims that legally he is responsible for the Emperor's acts, and offers to take the consequences. The claim is correct, and cannot be rejected, though of course, the New York Times in an ecstasy of foolishness sees nothing but another trick.

What would it mean to reject Bethmann's offer? He was constitutionally responsible for the acts of the Emperor. But, says the Times, "the indictment lies not against the Emperor, but against William Hohenzollern, a man, and the man who headed a conspiracy of which Bethmann *may have had no knowledge*. . . ." If this were so, not only would the people of Germany be absolved of all guilt, but the civil government and the Reichstag would also be absolved. It would mean that Germany as well as the Allies had been the innocent victim of a conspiracy, and the last reason for punishing the German nation would vanish. This is not the conclusion which the New Republic or the Times would care to draw, yet that is where the habit of seeing a Hun trick in everything any German does has led in this case.

The offer cannot be refused. If Bethmann's trial shows that the legal government of Germany was in fact the innocent tool, the case against the Kaiser will be infinitely stronger, and he will be subject to indictment by the German people, who alone can punish him without making him a martyr. Bethmann has saved us all from an extremely embarrassing position, for while no one questions the moral complicity of the Kaiser, the legality of his indictment and trial rests on the flimsiest foundation, and any judgment found against him would be tainted in history by that fact.

There is another aspect of the matter. The trial of the Kaiser might be a Roman holiday, but the trial of Bethmann could be made a sober and searching inquiry into the origin of the war. Such an inquiry is necessary. No opportunity should be lost of bringing home to the German people our case in the matter of responsibility for the war. They are not now convinced that they are solely responsible.

The trial of Bethmann before an international tribunal can be made the occasion for settling once and for all the whole question of the origin of the war. He has waived the immunity which he might well have claimed under the law of nations. He has purchased no immunity for the Kaiser if it turns out the Kaiser did what the Times says he did.

A Friend Writes to Mr. Wilson

IF Mr. Wilson had a candid friend, he would write him a letter to the ship somewhat along these lines:

The Fourth of July.

Dear Mr. President:

You are about to make a great many speeches in order to secure approval of the work you did at Paris. Your political position is strong. You are dealing with a leaderless opposition, and with a party that has made about every blunder of tactics, policy, and good taste conceivable. The Republican senators have not the confidence of the country. Rightly or wrongly, no doubt rightly, most men think the Republican politicians are thinking of nothing but 1920, and how to score on you. This impression has cast unjust suspicion over men who are as sincere as Johnson, Knox, and Root. For these men have got themselves mixed up with the intolerable Reed and the objectionable Lodge. If there is any form of folly the Republicans have missed, it was an oversight. Just as in 1916, they have tried to box the compass in making blunders.

All this is easy meat for you, and if you wish to play politics with these politicians you can probably win hands down. If you need any more mistakes to help you, you can almost surely count on the Republicans making them. As for the mass of the people, you know how they feel. They are tired of the whole business. They want peace. They want a League of Nations. Above all they want no more delays. These wants you can turn to your advantage. You can force the fighting by reiterating that anything but outright ratification will delay the return to normal conditions. You can pretend that every man who argues for any reservation is prolonging the irksome restrictions that go with a state of war. And, finally, it will be possible for you to raise a rather effective clamor against your critics by saying that they are trying to help the Hun escape his just penalties and that they are aiding Bolshevism. All this you can do, and you will be advised to do by many of your supporters.

It will be tempting. The victory is so easy. Pride counsels you to make a bold face and triumph over the criticism that has come from those who were your devoted supporters in the days when it was not fashionable to support you. You detest opposition. You have never endured upstanding advisers. You have always insisted upon courtiers or enemies. It is your weakness, as all your friends know. You like to be vindicated. You can secure a vindication by playing politics and exploiting your powers of language, and you can conclude

the war by wringing from a reluctant Senate official approval of all your acts.

Don't yield to the temptation, Mr. President. Your own integrity is at stake. Those who never believed in what you promised are not much concerned about the keeping of those promises. If you wish to do it, you can pretend that you have fulfilled your promises, and there are not enough people in America who understand the details of European politics to carry on a convincing argument showing where and how the work at Paris dishonors your solemn promises. Therefore you can probably get away with it. But the time will come for a reckoning, and when it comes, Mr. President, the verdict against you will be humiliating.

You can still save yourself from that. You can do it by scorning politics and rhetoric and all demagoguery and telling the truth to the American people. When you have done that they may not think you a magician, but they will respect you as an honest man. Argue with them in this way: "I went to Paris to write the kind of peace described in my addresses and legally accepted in the armistice. I wanted the letter and the spirit of the peace. I haven't got it. The intricacy of European politics was too much for me; the combination of forces too great. I was defeated bit by bit, driven out of one position after another,—in part because I was not sure I could count on your support if I stood up and fought. I have had to acquiesce in serious injustices. I have put my signature to a treaty which puts millions of people under alien rule. I have got myself terribly entangled in the Russian business. I have agreed to stipulations which I know to be supremely dangerous to the peace of Europe. I don't pretend, and you would be dangerously deceived if you believed, that the Treaty of Versailles is anything but a rough bargain to be revised as quickly as possible if there is to be law and order and confidence in the world.

I do claim though that in the League of Nations Covenant, we have an instrument for peaceful revision. If you think that any articles in that Covenant forbid revision, they are there through a misunderstanding. The League is intended to insure progressive adjustment, not to make final our tentative work in Paris. I am ready to join with you in making that clear. We can find a way somehow which will not unduly delay the peace. I am glad to help you find a way of clarifying this matter, and in doing so I shall be perfectly loyal to our associates. I have never committed myself morally to the guarantee of the status quo. I know better than you perhaps what an unstable status it is."

If you can talk like this, Mr. President, you will keep your self-respect. But you will do something

much more important than that. You will be keeping faith with the American people. You will not be guilty of deception. You will not be substituting buncomb for statesmanship. Please try once again to catch the voices in the air, especially that still small voice.

Sincerely yours,

THE MORNING AFTER.

To General Smuts

IT is universally conceded that General Smuts was the principal author of the League of Nations. It was his plan which formed the substance of the Covenant. Could anything be more significant than that he, of all men, should sign the Treaty of Versailles, saying that he does so "not because I consider it a satisfactory document, but because it is imperatively necessary to close the war . . . a real peace of peoples ought to follow, complete, and amend the peace of statesmen in this treaty."

This action by General Smuts is the one the world will most gladly remember of all the episodes that took place at Versailles. It was Smuts alone who saw Europe that afternoon, not merely himself, reflected in the Hall of Mirrors. There were other men who felt as he did, men in our own delegation, men who by a thousand commitments of honor were pledged to protest as he protested. They did not do it, and so to the British Empire goes the enviable dignity of having produced a man a little greater than any other man at Versailles that day. After all the words our representatives have uttered to the world, we should have wished these words to be ours too. But if that could not be, we can at least rejoice that someone speaking the English language spoke also the better conscience of men.

We print that part of General Smuts's statement which has been cabled to the New York Times:

"I signed the Peace Treaty, not because I consider it a satisfactory document, but because it is imperatively necessary to close the war; because the world needs peace above all else, and nothing could be more fatal than the continuance of the state of suspense between war and peace. The months since the armistice was signed, perhaps, have been as upsetting, unsettling, and ruinous to Europe as the previous four years of war. I look upon the Peace Treaty as the close of these two chapters of war and armistice, and only on that ground do I agree to it.

"I say this not in criticism, not because I wish to find fault with the work done, but rather because I feel that in the treaty we have not yet achieved the real peace to which our peoples were looking, and because I feel that the real work of making peace will only begin after this treaty has been signed, and a definite halt has thereby been called to the destructive passions that have been desolating Europe for nearly five years.

"This treaty is simply a liquidation of the war situation in the world. There are guarantees laid down which we all hope will soon be found out of harmony with the new peaceful temper and unarmed state of our former enemies. There are punishments foreshadowed, over most of which a calmer mood may yet prefer to pass the sponge of oblivion. There are indemnities stipulated which cannot be exacted without grave injury to the industrial revival of Europe, and which it will be in the interests of all to render more tolerable and moderate.

"The war resulted not only in the utter defeat of the enemy armies, but it has gone immeasurably farther. We witness the collapse of the whole political and economic fabric of Central and Eastern Europe. Unemployment, starvation, anarchy, war, disease and despair stalk through the land, and unless the victors can effectively extend a helping hand to the defeated and broken peoples a large part of Europe is threatened with exhaustion and decay. Russia has already walked into the night, and the risk that the rest may follow is very grave indeed.

"The effects of this disaster would not be confined to Central and Eastern Europe, for civilization is one body, and we are all members of one another. The supreme necessity is laid on all to grapple with this situation. To the peoples of the United States and of the British Empire, who have been exceptionally blessed with the good things of life, I would make a special appeal. Let them exert themselves to the utmost in this great work of saving the wreckage of life and industry in continental Europe. They have a great mission, and in fulfilling it they will be as much blessed as blessing.

"All this is possible, and, I hope, capable of accomplishment, but only on two conditions. In the first place, the Germans must convince our peoples of their good faith, of their complete sincerity, through a real, honest effort to fulfill their obligations under the treaty to the extent of their ability. Second, our Allied peoples must remember that God gave them overwhelming victory, victory far beyond their greatest dreams, not for small, selfish ends, not for financial or economic advantages, but for the attainment of the great human ideals for which our heroes gave their lives, and which are the real victors in this war of ideals.

"There are numerous pin pricks which will cease to pain under the healing influences of a new international atmosphere. A real peace of peoples ought to follow, complete, and amend the peace of statesmen in this treaty. However, two achievements of far-reaching importance for the world are definitely recorded. One is the destruction of Prussian militarism; the other is the institution of the League of Nations. I am confident the League of Nations will yet prove the path of escape for Europe out of the ruin brought by this war, but the League as yet is only the form. It still requires quickening life, which can come only from the active interest and vitalizing contact of the peoples themselves.

"A new creative spirit, which is once more moving among the peoples in their anguish, must fill the institution with life and with the inspiration for pacific ideals born of this war, and so convert it into a real instrument of progress. In that way, abolition of militarism—in this treaty, unfortunately, confined to enemy—may soon come as a blessing and relief to the Allied peoples as well, and enemy peoples should at the earliest possible date join the league. Not in selfish domination, but in the common service for the great human cause lies the true path of national progress. This joint collaboration is especially necessary today for the reconstruction of a ruined and broken world."

Whose Home Will Be Safe?

THERE are many serious aspects to the recent raids of state constabulary and private detectives on the offices of the Soviet Mission, the Rand School and the I. W. W. The possibility of reprisals on American citizens in Russia, the interference of state officials in matters that should properly concern only the Federal Government, and the tendency the raids will have to drive moderate and law-abiding radical propaganda into underground and desperate channels are among them. But there is one aspect which overshadows every other and should give the most serious concern to all citizens who believe in law and justice: The raids violate not only the statute law of the state, but the Constitution of the United States and the fundamental principles of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence.

One of the bitterest struggles of individual liberty against official tyranny was fought around the issue of the validity of just such search warrants as were issued and executed in the recent New York raids. A bit of history will show how illuminating the parallel is. High among the oppressive and arbitrary acts of King George III ranked the issuance of general warrants, authorizing officers to break open and search the private premises of persons suspected of publishing seditious attacks on his Majesty's government, in order to obtain evidence against them. These orders were based on precedents drawn from the practice of the star chamber and the tyrannous press licensing acts under Charles II. The ruthless invasions of privacy which these searches involved aroused high resentment. Finally Wilkes, the publisher of the North Briton and a member of Parliament, following a "raid" on his office, took the matter to the courts. Chief Justice Pratt told the jury which heard the case that if such a power of general search on suspicion existed, it would be "totally subversive of the liberty of the subject," and the jury decided in favor of Wilkes. Another journalist, named Entick, author of certain numbers of "The Monitor or British Freeholder," tested a similar raid on his premises in the courts, and on a special verdict the case was taken up to the Court of Common Pleas. In a judgment which has ever since stood as the great landmark of this branch of the law, Lord Camden held that the search warrants were contrary to the fundamental Anglo-Saxon rights of personal security and property.

"Where is the written law," he asked, "that gives any magistrate such a power? I can safely answer, there is none; and therefore it is too much for us without authority to pronounce a practice legal, which would be subversive of all the com-

forts of society. . . . If suspicion at large should be a ground of search, especially in the case of libels [i. e. seditious publications], whose home would be safe?"

The American colonies had especial cause to know and detest the odious character of these British search warrants, for they were used to enforce the British navigation laws against American commerce, which played so prominent a part in driving the colonies to rebellion against the mother country. The "writs of assistance" which Otis in memorable language denounced as "the worst instrument of arbitrary power, the most destructive of English Liberty and the fundamental principles of law, that ever was found in an English law book" were no more than warrants authorizing the revenue officers to search private premises on suspicion that they contained property imported in violation of the navigation laws. So vivid was the memory of these instruments of oppression in the minds of the colonists, that when they came to adopt the Constitution of the United States, they placed prominently in the Bill of Rights contained in the first ten amendments the emphatic language:

"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons or things to be seized."

The vitality and importance of this constitutional principle has been many times vindicated by the Supreme Court. The case of *Boyd vs United States*, (116 U. S. 616) is the most important. A federal court acting under a federal statute had ordered the defendant in a criminal case to produce certain private papers which the prosecution believed might contain evidence to convict him. The Supreme Court held that such an order, even without the aggravation of a forcible entry, was an unreasonable search and seizure, and hence unconstitutional. Such an order, the Supreme Court said, "is contrary to the principles of a free government. It is abhorrent to the instincts of an American. It may suit the purposes of a despotic power but it cannot abide the pure atmosphere of political liberty and personal freedom."

Cooley in his *Constitutional Limitations*, puts the theory of the Fourth Amendment on unassailable ground when he says that:

"It is better oftentimes that crime should go unpunished than that the citizen should be liable to have his premises invaded, his desks broken open, his private books, letters and papers exposed to prying curiosity, and to the misconstructions of ignorant and suspicious persons—and all this un-

der the direction of a mere ministerial officer, who will select them more often with reference to physical strength and courage than to their sensitive regard for the rights and feelings of others."

The Fourth Amendment of the Federal Constitution is of course only a restraint on federal action, and is no protection against outrages on the part of state officials. But the Fourteenth Amendment prevents state officials from depriving any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, and there is a recent decision of the New York Supreme Court, Appellate Division, (*Matter of Foster*, 139 App. Div. 769) that an unreasonable search or seizure by state officials is a violation of due process of law under the Fourteenth Amendment.

But it is unnecessary to appeal to the Constitution. The Civil Rights Law of the State of New York (which corresponds to the bill of rights of most of the state constitutions) contains almost verbatim the clause against unreasonable searches and seizures contained in the United States Constitution.

Of course no one will deny that in a proper case a search warrant is a necessary and beneficent instrument of justice. The principles of the common law as well as American statutes and decisions have laid down carefully and precisely the conditions under which search warrants can be issued without imperilling fundamental rights. It is specifically set forth in Section 791-799 of the New York Code of Criminal Procedure that a search warrant can be issued only for stolen property, or for property which has been used for committing a felony or for property "when it is in the possession of any person with the intent to use it as the means of committing a public offense." And it "cannot be issued but upon probable cause, supported by affidavit, naming or describing the person and particularly describing the property and the place to be searched." And the magistrate is required to examine the complainant on oath and take his deposition in writing, in order to satisfy himself of the truthfulness of the charge. The theory is that when adequate proof is laid before a magistrate that a specific thing, say a stolen horse, or liquor illegally held, or a gambling outfit, is being concealed on certain definitely described premises, it is entirely lawful to order the thing in question seized. It is the roving commission given to search and seize generally correspondence and documents, private files and personal belongings, that outrages constitutional rights.

In view of these principles can there be any doubt that the recent New York raids were totally illegal and subversive of fundamental American rights?

The case of the Soviet Bureau, may be taken as an example. The affidavit upon which the search warrant was issued charges generally that the Bureau "is engaged in the distribution of literature calculated to stimulate revolutionary activities in this state." And that through the means of documents, books, and papers in its possession, "it is the intention of the said Bureau . . . to incite . . . disorder, breach of the peace, violence and general revolutionary activity among the People of this State." There is not a trace of evidence in the affidavit to back up this general charge, and so far as has publicly appeared, the magistrate, in violation of law, failed to examine the complainant to establish its truth. The only specific fact alleged in the affidavit is that the complainant picked up a typewritten document from the floor of the Bureau entitled Groans from Omsk, apparently being a call to the workingmen of Omsk to establish a Soviet form of government. There is not a shadow of evidence in the affidavit to back up the general charge that this or any other document was to be used for any illegal purpose. This is not "probable cause, supported by affidavit," but the vaguest suspicion.

Thus the necessary constitutional foundation for issuing a warrant at all was totally absent. But even if it existed, the warrant itself was on its face illegal and void. It did not "particularly describe" the property to be seized, but authorized seizure of "all documents, circulars and papers printed or typewritten having to do with Socialist, Labor, Revolutionary or Bolshevik activities; all books, letters and papers pertaining to the activities of said Bureau; all circulars and literature of any sort, kind or character in said premises." This is no particular description of a thing used for illegal purposes, it is a general warrant to seize anything in writing or in print which the troopers or private detectives might think of interest to the committee.

Indeed the object of the raid was confessedly not in aid of executing the criminal laws of the state, but to provide sensational testimony for a legislative committee engaged in investigating the activities of "radicals, liberals and apologists for radicals." The law requires all objects seized under a search warrant to be brought forthwith before the magistrate, so that he may determine whether they were properly seized. Instead, the booty from the Soviet Mission was carried off to a private office and then illegally and improperly made public before an investigating committee, although so far as has as yet appeared none of it was in any way criminal.

In every respect, including the unnecessary violence and indignity with which it was conducted, the

raid was on all fours with the famous case of the search warrants in 1765.

In the later raids against the Rand School and the I. W. W., an attempt seems to have been made to give the proceedings a greater semblance of legality, but in substance they were no different from the raid on the Soviet Bureau.

The issue is therefore clearly presented. Shall an instrument of oppression drawn from the repertory of the star chamber, used by the notorious Chief Justice Scroggs, denounced by the English courts a century and a half ago, assailed by our colonial forbears as destructive of liberty and law, and condemned by the Supreme Court as "abhorrent to the instincts of an American"—shall such an instrument be revived in the twentieth century under a constitution and form of government dedicated to liberty and justice?

King George's minister was made to suffer heavily for his oppressive action. Wilkes sued both Lord Halifax, the secretary of state who issued the warrant, and his assistant who supervised the raid, and a jury mulcted the former £4,000 and the latter £1,000 in damages. Entick also recovered substantial amounts. It was a wholesome and effective check on official oppression. It is to be hoped that the Soviet Mission will not let the matter rest even with the return of the illegally gotten booty, but will establish the personal liability of Mr. Archibald Stevenson, of the magistrate who issued the illegal warrant, and the detective agency which helped execute it, carrying the matter, if necessary, on the constitutional question, to the Supreme Court of the United States. The public will be indebted to them if they succeed, for if a check is not placed on such proceedings, in the words of Lord Camden, "whose home would be safe?"

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Anti-Bolsheviks: Mr. Spargo

ON page 199 of his book on Bolshevism, discussing the period of Kerensky, Mr. Spargo says that "no other government was possible for Russia except a strong despotism." Then his next chapter—the one in which he proves the Bolsheviks supremely and horribly wrong—is headed The Bolshevik War Against Democracy. Mr. Spargo's view is that Russia should have a despotism but that it should be a despotism organized democratically. Lenin found it difficult to fill this prescription.

He made a sort of start at it, though. On page 155 Mr. Spargo says that "Lenin proposed to give the sole control of Russia into the hands of not more than 200,000 workers." A despotism by 200,000 workers is certainly 200,000 times more democratic than a despotism by one man—which is the customary sense of the word despotism. Still, it does seem a bit exclusive; and it also seems impossible and incredible. Mr. Spargo therefore, on page 211, quotes Lenin's own words about it. Lenin says:

"Just as 150,000 lordly landowners under Tsarism dominated the 130,000,000 of Russian peasants, so 200,000 members of the Bolshevik party are imposing their proletarian will on the mass—but this time in the interest of the latter."

Such is one of Lenin's sentences. But the subject is large. Lenin gave it more than one sentence. He gave it numerous sentences (unquoted by Mr. Spargo) in his principal work on such matters—the pamphlet written before the Bolshevik Revolution under the title Can the Bolsheviks Hold the Government Power?

In this pamphlet Lenin speaks of the well known fact that in every country the *voters* of any political party are many times more numerous than the *party-members*. He alludes to the evidence of this fact in elections recently held in Petrograd. On that evidence, after calculating the Bolshevik *party* strength as 240,000, he calculates the Bolshevik *voting* strength as 1,000,000; and he says: "Here we have already a State Apparatus of 1,000,000 people faithful to the Socialist State."

He adds: "Not only this, but we have a method by which at one blow we can increase our State Apparatus ten-fold—a method which not a single capitalistic state has ever had, or could ever have, at its disposal—namely, the summoning of the laboring, the summoning of the poor, to the everyday work of managing the State."

He adds later: "To govern the State in such a

spirit [the spirit of benefit for the *mass*] we can at once summon a Government Apparatus of 10,000,000, if not of 20,000,000, people; and this apparatus we, and we alone, can create; because we are assured of the most complete and unlimited sympathy by the gigantic majority of the population."

There is a certain gap between this statement by Lenin and Mr. Spargo's statement that Lenin proposed to give the "sole control" of Russia to 200,000 persons. Mr. Spargo quotes the sentence about the "200,000." He does not quote the sentence about the "10,000,000 if not 20,000,000." Perhaps Lenin's complete works are not handed to Mr. Spargo by the Russian groups whose purposes in Russia are advanced by Mr. Spargo's writings.

Perhaps, also, other information is not handed to him. On page 216 of his book Mr. Spargo says: "When they [the Bolsheviks] came into power they suppressed all non-Bolshevist papers in a manner differing not at all from that of the Tsar's regime, forcing the other socialist parties and groups to resort to pre-Revolution underground methods." Mr. Spargo says: "when they came into power." Mr. Spargo says: "all non-Bolshevist papers." Yet in May of 1918, six months later, the following newspapers were running in Moscow:

Vechnee Vremia, Independent; Rancee Utro and Zaria Rossii, organs of the business interests; Vpered, Menshevik; Svobodnaya Rossiya, Liberal Cadet; Nashe Slovo, Conservative Cadet; Vlast Naroda, Co-operative, Contributed to by Socialists-Revolutionists of the Right.

Also running were various non-Bolshevist magazines, including the Novi Satirikon. In January of 1918 the Novi Satirikon cartooned Lenin as Russia's undertaker, with the caption "Third-Class Funerals, Lenin and Co." In May of 1918 the Novi Satirikon was still cartooning Lenin. In that month it drew him presenting a large platter to the Russian workingman. On the platter lies a little flower—the flower of the season—a carnation. The workingman says: "But if only there was a little garniture of potatoes!"

In Petrograd, in May of 1918, the following newspapers were running:

Nash Viek, Cadet; Dielo Narodnoe, Socialist-Revolutionist of the Right; Znamia Truda, Socialist-Revolutionist of the Left.

In 1917, under Kerensky, the Bolshevik party

paper Pravda was raided and its print-shop wrecked. The Bolsheviks were trying not merely to criticize the Kerensky administration but to utterly destroy the Kerensky idea of the State. It was inevitable that they should be roughly handled. Mr. Spargo, on page 198 of his book, discussing the events of that time, says without disapproval: "Some of the Bolshevik papers were suppressed."

But, similarly, under Lenin, if any paper tried not merely to criticize the Lenin administration but to utterly destroy the Bolshevik Soviet idea of the State, its editor was likely to find his publishing life quite frequently interrupted. Nevertheless, in spite of suppressions, there was an incessant printing of non-Bolshevik and of anti-Bolshevik news and editorials and cartoons down to the middle of 1918. Mr. Spargo himself would probably be willing to regard as non-Bolshevist the character-sketch of Trotsky which appeared in the magazine called *Sinii Journal* in February of 1918 describing Trotsky as "this adventurer, this man without a fatherland and without a father, this parody of Robespierre, this bloody clown."

Then, with the middle of 1918, the armed open attack of the Socialist-Revolutionists on the Bolshevik government brought Soviet Russia to a condition of open acute civil war. Is there any government in the world that permits pro-enemy papers to be printed within its territory during a civil war? Certainly no such government has ever been reported in Russia.

In the Russian city of Cheliabinsk, in September of 1918, the Socialists-Revolutionist paper *The Rule of the People* was reported closed down by the Cadets. In the same month, in Samara, the Cadet paper *The Volga Day* was reported closed down by the Socialists-Revolutionists. Kolchak today in Siberia has gagged and gassed the whole Siberian press, as can be seen by his anti-civil-liberty legislation quoted elsewhere in this issue of the *New Republic* by Dr. Rosett. Dr. Rosett reports also personally that the Kolchak authorities closed down a paper in Vladivostok simply for carrying the standard line which for decades has been carried by every Socialist paper in the world—"Workingmen of all countries, unite!"

In Soviet Russia, after the middle of 1918, the editor of an anti-Soviet paper was likely to find his publishing life absolutely stopped. An American lawyer who was representing an American mission in Soviet Russia in July of 1918 writes to me to say that in that month "most of the opposition papers were suppressed." But is it not strange? Mr. Spargo gives the reader the distinct impression that non-Bolshevist papers were all underground just about as soon as Lenin had a chance to see

them. Yet they are still exhibiting themselves openly and have to be driven underground some more, after eight months of Lenin's rule. And there is something stranger still.

On page 221, in small type, in a quotation from Inna Rakitnikov, we learn that when the paper of the Central Committee of the Socialists-Revolutionists—Lenin's chief enemies—was suppressed, the result of the suppression was simply that the paper continued to come out just exactly as before, "only changing its name." Further, on page 222, when Mr. Spargo quotes an editorial from the Bolshevik paper *Pravda* saying that all journals of the enemies of the Bolshevik government must be destroyed, he gives us the date of the editorial scrupulously. It is in a foot-note. It is July 5, 1918, in the Civil War. Down to that time, according to Mr. Spargo himself, in unemphasized small type and foot-notes, there were non-Bolshevist papers still existing and still rousing *Pravda* to demands for their suppression.

Mr. Spargo's favorite method of fighting Bolshevism is to make a loud noise against some wickedness of the Bolsheviks and then to protect himself by making a very tiny and almost inaudible noise proving that the loud noise was far too loud.

One of his tiny noises is on page 256 where in a general and judicial manner he says: "There is really not much to choose between the ways of Stolypin and Von Plehve and those of the Lenin-Trotsky rule." The corresponding loud noise is on the previous page where he dwells on the savagery of the Bolsheviks and then specifically and aggressively says:

"The death penalty was never inflicted for civil crimes under the late Tsar. It was never inflicted for political offences. Only rarely was it inflicted for murder."

Here indeed is mystical theoretical Holy Russia, reverently revived by a distinguished Socialist. The actual Russia was once more realistically known. It still lives for us in thousands of documents getting slightly dusty now in the days of Nicholas the Martyr. Prince Kropotkin's book on *The Terror in Russia* was written in the days of Nicholas the Murderer. It describes wholesale murders promiscuously accomplished; and, on the point of deliberate legalized capital punishment it says:

"Under the military law now in action in most of Russian territory the smallest agrarian disorders, and even setting fire to a landlord's barn or stack, are treated as implying the death penalty."

In the Russian Duma, in 1906, General Kouzmin Karavaeff, a military procureur, a deputy of the

conservative Right, speaking of certain repressions, said:

"Over 600 men were during the last four months hanged or shot or otherwise deprived of life by most horrible methods without trials or after mock trials. This figure is appalling, and it shows us once more that the chief motive of capital punishment here in Russia is sanguinary vengeance."

Such was the Tsar. Mr. Spargo washes the Tsar, and throws the water on the Bolsheviks. He says, on page 255, that "the Bolsheviks introduced hanging and flogging in public for petty civil crimes. He proves this charge by one quotation from the Soviet government's official paper, *Izvestia*. He quotes:

"Two village robbers were condemned to death. All the people of Semenovskaia and the surrounding communes were invited to the ceremony. On July 6th, at mid-day, a great crowd of interested spectators arrived at the village of Loupia. The organizers of the execution gave to each of the bystanders the opportunity of flogging the condemned to obtain from them supplementary confessions. The number of blows was unlimited. Then a vote of the spectators was taken as to the method of execution. The majority was for hanging. In order that the spectacle could be easily seen, the spectators were ranged in three ranks. The first row sat down, the second row rested on the knee, and the third stood up."

Such is Mr. Spargo's quotation. It is from an article in column seven of page five of *Izvestia* of July 28, 1918. Mr. Spargo was able to quote this article almost entire. He left out only the head-line, the introductory sentence, and a comment by the editor of *Izvestia*.

The head-line is "A Nightmare." The introductory sentence is: "The paper of the Solvichegodsky Soviet—the Free Land—describes a nightmare-like event of an organized lynching in the village of Loupia." The comment by the editor of *Izvestia*, as the story of the lynching proceeds, is: "Horrible!"

Head-line, introductory sentence, and comment—all together—are only a few words. Why did Mr. Spargo—or why did his informant—leave them out? Why is a lynching by peasants manufactured into a law by Lenin? Mr. Spargo learns of the Loupia affair only from an article in *Izvestia*. That article reports the affair as a lawless lynching by an organized mob and condemns it. Mr. Spargo, or Mr. Spargo's informant, by suppressing part of the article, reports the affair as an act of Bolshevik general law and of Bolshevik immediate governmental administration. Why?

Why—more generally—cannot Mr. Spargo content himself with the executions actually ordered and actually accomplished by the Bolshevik government, really governmentally, and thoroughly provable out of *Izvestia*? *Izvestia* does not try to conceal the Bolshevik Terror from Mr. Spargo. On September 7, 1918, for instance, the Civil War and the Terror being in full course, *Izvestia* curtly says:

"Astrakhan, September 5. On the night of September 4 an illegal meeting of Right Socialists-Revolutionists was discovered. After the counter-revolutionary purpose of the meeting was disclosed, four of them were shot. Besides this, five White Guards were shot."

Equally curtly, in the same issue, *Izvestia* also says:

"Yaroslav, September 5. By order of the Provincial Extraordinary Commission eighteen White Guards were shot."

Again, in the same issue, *Izvestia* gives painstaking publicity to a murderous order by the Chairman of the Extraordinary Commission for Combating the Counter-Revolution at the Front—an order saying that the clergy in certain districts are acting as "police-dogs" for the White Guards and that the Chairman therefore commands all Extraordinary Commissions at the Front to watch all clergymen especially carefully and to "shoot any of them who come out by word or deed against the Soviet Government." "By word"!

Also, and still in the same issue, *Izvestia* says that in Petrograd twenty-nine "Counter-Revolutionaries," including certain former Tsaristic officials, named, have been shot in answer to the attack on Comrade Lenin and in answer to the murder of Comrade Uritsky, by order of "The Collegium of the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission" and "as an act of Red Terror."

Izvestia quite specializes on proving the ruthlessness of the Bolshevik government toward its political opponents. Yet it also touches sometimes on ordinary criminology. In the issue of July 28th, for instance, in the same issue out of which Mr. Spargo got the story of the lynching at Loupia, and on the same page with that story, and in the same column with it, and not three inches from it, there is an article headed A New Punishment. It says:

"The *Izvestia* of the Voronezh Soviet describes a new and original punishment applied in the Voronezh Revolutionary Tribunal, which consists of the following:

"One guilty of a crime is not placed in prison after the decision of the court but is set free with a warning that if he is again found guilty of another crime, even of an insignificant one, he will have to serve the combined sentences for both crimes,

for the present one and for the previous one together.'

"The Tribunal has already passed several such sentences. It is said that such sentences have a great moral influence on the criminals."

This article might seem to indicate that the Bolsheviks are capable of making a sort of distinction between (a) executing "Counter-Revolutionaries" in a struggle for the control of the State and (b) administering ordinary civil and criminal justice. This article might also seem to indicate that some Bolsheviks—at least in Voronezh—are developing a kind of criminology regarded as highly creditable and humanitarian in America. Mr. Spargo did not find this article. It slipped from under his thumb—or his informant's thumb.

Mr. Spargo's greatest omission, however, in his book on Bolshevism, is anti-Bolshevism. Our practical problem in Russia is: Shall we support the anti-Bolshevik governments in Russia against the Bolshevik one? The Bolshevik one is anti-democratic and terroristic. Mr. Spargo does not succeed in proving that Lenin objects to admitting more than 200,000 persons to the "strong despotism" which Lenin, along with Mr. Spargo, thinks Russia must have. Nor does Mr. Spargo succeed in proving that the supreme Bolshevik authorities spend their time devising laws for torturing robbers. But Mr. Spargo does indeed know, and everybody knows, and the Bolshevik government clamorously claims, that the Bolshevik method is a method which excludes a great many Russians from all participation in the government of their country and which resorts to a ruthless Mass-Terror whenever necessary. But what of the anti-Bolsheviks?

Dr. John Rickman, of the English Society of Friends' War Victims' Relief Committee, in 1916 and in 1917 and in 1918, worked in towns and in little villages in the valley of the Volga. There, in the town of Buzuluk, for instance, he saw the anti-Bolshevik Cossacks. He saw them driving through the streets with a cart-load of headless bodies. He says that the peasants remarked that "those bodies were our sons: they joined the Red Guard to defend the Revolution." He says that this Terror by the anti-Bolsheviks *preceded* the Red Terror. He says that in the Buzuluk Department, during this preceding anti-Bolshevik Terror, there were orders issued that "all members of the Soviet and all men in the Red Guard were to be shot." He says that in the town of Buzuluk an election was then held "on a limited franchise" and that "*candidates for office were required to have the signature on their papers of certain persons who had held office under the old regime* [that is, under

the Tsar]." He says that a Council was thus elected "which bore a close resemblance to that which had existed in 1916" under the Tsar. He says that the comment of people on the street was "This is too reactionary for us."

Such were the Councils, such the local governments, which came numerous into existence in the valley of the Volga during the first great revolt against the Bolshevik government in the middle of 1918. Mr. Spargo, on page 253 of his book, mentions that revolt in one of its great outbreaks in the town of Jaroslav. He mentions it only to denounce the anti-democracy and terrorism of the Bolsheviks.

The largest anti-Bolshevik government in Russia today is the government of Kolchak. Will Mr. Spargo claim that Kolchak has ever had 200,000 party-members—or 100,000—or 10,000—who have ever elected him to his present office, or to anything? Will Mr. Spargo claim that Kolchak fosters civil liberty and the freedom of the press? Will Mr. Spargo claim that Kolchak did not imprison, and that Kolchak's officers did not assassinate, an unarmed group of prominent anti-Bolsheviks, members of the All-Russian Constituent Assembly, for engaging in the primary activity of democratic citizenship—"party politics"?

Yet Mr. Spargo can write to the pro-Kolchak propagandist magazine in the United States—the magazine called *Struggling Russia*—and can say:

"You are doing a big thing—bigger for America than for Russia. You are giving us exactly what is needed: carefully tested authoritative documentary evidence."

The evidence printed in *Struggling Russia* has never included one word exposing the anti-democracy and the terrorism of Kolchak. Mr. Spargo's book is full of similar evidence, similarly tested.

Mr. Spargo has been led to write a book rousing the reader to fury against the Bolsheviks, both for the terrible things they have done and for terrible things they have not done, and rousing the reader to no fury at all against the equally murderous anti-Bolsheviks who in practice are the governing alternatives to the Bolsheviks. Mr. Spargo has been led to write a book inclining the reader toward intervention in Russia to destroy the arbitrary dictatorship of a certain set of people on the necessary behalf of the equally arbitrary dictatorships of certain other sets of people. Mr. Spargo has been led to write a book defying and deluding the American people's primary national instinct of non-participation in the quarrels of anti-democrats abroad.

This book is a conspicuous instance of the propa-

ganda which was perfectly natural during the war, just as French propaganda was perfectly natural among us during the period of our American Revolution, but which is today as dangerous to the true welfare and to the true moral destiny of the American Republic as French propaganda came to be during Washington's administration, when Washington rose against it and, in spite of all talk about "allies" and about "enemies," restored America to an absolute non-interest and non-interference in foreign quarrels involving no American motive and capable of determining no issue of Americanism.

WILLIAM HARD.

Winnipeg's "Revolution"

THE strike which began in Winnipeg on May 15th has had serious, even sensational, moments. As a weapon in the hands of labor the general strike has proved itself a failure; more, it has reacted against the prospects of some of the individual unions which had negotiations pending or in progress, though this effect will be temporary only. But its revolutionary aspect has been exaggerated. The reports sent broadcast over the wires have produced impressions very far indeed from reflecting the real character of events.

With the details of the disputes in the metal and building trades, out of which grew the general sympathetic strike which is the phenomenal feature, the world at large hardly needs to concern itself. The metal trades dispute centred on the definition of, and machinery for, collective bargaining; the building trades were chiefly concerned with wages. These disputes were merely the culminating factors in a situation which had long been coming to a crisis. In this situation there were many irritating conditions. The obvious opulence of some sections of society to the accompaniment of steadily rising prices and the apparent inability of the government to check profiteering or set a limit to the cost of living had produced deep discontent, by no means confined to the working class. The lack of faith in politicians and in political action and the fear that pressure would be applied to reduce money wages when the war was over had given to the extreme Socialists in the ranks of labor the opportunity to press their propaganda in favor of "direct action" in order to attain the objects which trade unionists had in view: the further raising of wages, and the concession to the workers of a definite share in the control of industry.

But the syndicalists had something more in view than the use of direct economic pressure merely for these comparatively harmless purposes. Years of Socialist thinking and preaching had resulted in the

formation of definite plans for controlling the trade unions and for bringing about by economic methods the political revolution without which Socialism must remain a mere theory. To this end the Western Labor Conference which met in Calgary in April was made a stepping stone. Under its authority the extremists began to give shape to the One Big Union which would enable a central executive to control the whole of organized labor in Canada. Behind the One Big Union lurked the threat of open revolution. The conference which endorsed it, endorsed also the Bolshevik regime in Russia and the Soviet principle of political government. The "dictatorship of the proletariat" was henceforth regarded by the extremists among the labor leaders as well within their reach.

In spite of all this it is not reasonable to credit the Winnipeg strike leaders with having formulated any definitely revolutionary plan. There is little doubt that the general strike was called primarily to enforce the principle of collective bargaining, which was regarded as endangered by the metal trades dispute. In what degree the strike leaders actually conspired to set up a dictatorship in the city itself, in the Province of Manitoba or in the Dominion of Canada, is a matter of fact which may be elucidated during the trial of the six British subjects arrested by the Dominion authorities on June 16th. But nobody acquainted with the local circumstances could fairly conclude, until further evidence is forthcoming, that the strikers really contemplated a political revolution. The basis for the use of that term is found in the references of labor leaders to the effects of the strike—references which were couched in the Socialistic jargon affected by men who are, for the most part, devoted adherents of the Marxian doctrines—and in the language of permits issued by the strike committee, primarily for the purpose of protecting workers who had been allowed to remain temporarily on their jobs, from being condemned by their fellow-strikers as strike-breakers or "scabs."

The general sympathetic strike has been proved to be, in effect, a revolutionary weapon. Faced with a strike of that kind the whole community outside the ranks of labor realized that its success—the stoppage, that is, of every public utility and service and of every kind of industrial and distributional activity—would reduce it to impotence in the hands of the strike committee, as the directing body of the striking workers. Thus the strikers would be able to dictate the conditions under which the community would be permitted to maintain its existence. The governing bodies would be powerless to affect the issue. There would have been a political revolution which would have placed the strike committee in real command of the com-

munity. But this aspect of the general strike was not generally realized when the words and action of the strike committee were described as revolutionary, while the absence of definite plan was signalized by the reluctance of the strike committee itself to use the opportunity which rapidly vanished as the citizens organized volunteer staffs to run the public utilities and keep the community supplied with necessities of life. Had a genuine revolution been planned beforehand by the strikers or their local leaders the opportunity to enforce the strike would not have been neglected from any humanitarian motives. But the prosecutions which have been commenced will doubtless clear up this point.

No one who has passed through the strike in Winnipeg and who has watched the progression of ideas of which it has been the embodiment can be ignorant of the truth that there are three main sections in the community. Two are bitterly antagonistic. The third is mute and unorganized, hardly class conscious, and is hard put to it to defend itself from the consequences when the other two declare war on each other. Its peculiar rights and interests are then entirely disregarded. Between organized labor, on the one hand, and organized capital, on the other, the large class which lives by rendering services to both stands an excellent chance of being crushed as between the upper and nether mill-stones. Unless the clerical and professional classes cease to regard themselves as satellites of one or other of the two and organize themselves for the purpose of protecting their own special interests and exercising the powers of resistance which organization confers, they will deserve the somewhat ignominious fate which threatens them if the conflict between labor and the capital-controlling class continues. That is one of the lessons of the Winnipeg strike.

The dominating impression of the observer of these events, however, is the hopelessly irreconcilable attitude of the two conflicting classes. Unless their viewpoints can be reconciled in the near future there will be a war à l'outrance between the Bolsheviks and the chauvinistic employers. If labor persists in following its present leaders along the path which they have chosen, under the influence of the modern developments of the Marxian teachings, they will inevitably become revolutionaries of a violent type. If the employers persist in thinking that by coercion and repression they can convert the workers to a more reasonable frame of mind, cripple their unions and destroy the false theories they have embraced, they will but render a revolutionary effort inevitable and, when it comes, more bitter and bloody.

The methods taken by the government to deal with the leaders of the Winnipeg strike cannot re-

sult in any improvement of the situation. Their arrest and imprisonment, if found guilty of seditious libel, or conspiracy, may vindicate the authority of the state. Certain malign personal influences may thus be removed from the economic field. But the ideas which already claim a larger allegiance than the authorities are willing to admit, even if they are aware of its actual extent, will not thereby be destroyed. They will rather be strengthened. However justified these methods may be by the event they will yet leave the trouble and the causes of the trouble untouched. What is wanted is insight, sympathy and constructive effort to induce a more friendly and cooperative relationship between workers and employers. These have been noticeably absent from almost every agency involved in the Winnipeg strike. Finally, the essential condition precedent to industrial peace and cooperation is a drastic change in the mental attitude of the employing class towards the workers and the problems of industrial management.

Few students of labor problems doubt that the time is over-ripe for the organized workers of this continent to assume their proper place in politics as an organized party. Labor must exercise direct influence in legislation as well as in the settlement of actual working conditions. Legislatures will always fail to take the interests of the workers fully into account so long as the workers themselves are content to allow their claims to go by default or to be voiced by legislators who have only an indirect concern in them. That has been fully illustrated in the growth of the Winnipeg strike. Had there been in the Federal House of Commons a thoroughly representative body of labor members it is probable that the position which now exists would never have arisen and that the sympathetic general strike would never have been attempted. More especially it may be assumed that the legislative weapon, forged at short notice by the government to deal by deportation with all agitators who are not Canadian citizens in the narrowest possible definition of that term, would not have been fashioned.

Brushing aside the multifarious details which always obscure the vision in times of internal strife, the conclusion to be drawn from the Winnipeg strike is that the community is in grave danger of being thrown into anarchy unless the emotions which have been given free rein during the war are brought under control. Against Prussia it was reasonable and necessary to exercise force without limit in order to preserve the democratic forms of government. But the same spirit cannot be entertained in regard to differences with one's own countrymen. The doctrine that practically one-half of the community, even when led by those who may

fairly be designated "Bolshevists," can be coerced into subjection and held there until its ideas have undergone conversion to the views of another section more powerful physically, must be abandoned. Democracy is endangered quite as much by the recalcitrant temper of industrial junkerdom in regard to profiteering and labor, as by the revolutionary tendencies of an influential section of the workers. That is the lesson of the Winnipeg "revolution."

ARTHUR E. DARBY.

In Memory of the Vanquished

THE war is over, ended by a peace of violence and extermination. The war against Rum, I mean, of course. The war against booze, grog, swill, bug juice, Drink and the Devil. No, those are epithets of hate, evokers of morale, useful and necessary while the war lasted, like Boches, Huns, Tartars. What is the use in calling the enemy names, now he is dead? Let our in memoriam run in terms of reaming swats that drink (or drank) divinely; of wine, red wine, of which the nightingale, out of date bird, still sings to the rose; of the heart of the corn, cool as amber in the sea's depths, flaming above the embers of sober life. That savors of neutrality, treason? It is a part of universal piety to be neutral toward the dead. You cannot betray the living victor to the dead vanquished. The enemy committed atrocities, I know. Have I not seen his shackled hostages, trembling on their way from humiliation to humiliation, from disgrace to the pauper's pine box, sunk unwept into the bleak hillside where no kind soul brings wreaths, and even the birds dart swiftly by? Have I not seen women and little children tied by their heart-strings to what was more loathsome than a dead body? But when a war has been won it is well to put away the memory of atrocities and to fix upon the good that lies hidden even in the worst cause. In the most savage of armies there are men who fight honorably and die gallantly. Their fate is the more tragic because they die on the wrong side; and this tragedy we should be sufficiently human to mourn. And so of our late enemy, now gone to his death. Along with delirium tremens, something very human perished. It is of that I write.

Most of us were once young, elastic of body, more elastic of spirit. Out of our homes, where we passed at a great premium, out of our schools and colleges, where a simple task well done according to explicit rules maintained us easily at par, we entered a great world where our rating was that

of a Vermont oil stock, Make good; Arrive: that was the advice we got, but how it could be done and how soon, this was not easily ascertained from the world's unindexed guide book. Oh, the yawning gulf between the brisk confidence we assumed in our association with men who held the keys to advancement, to whom nothing could succeed but success, and the diffidence and doubt and despair inside of us! Oh, the contrast between the smooth brow in public places and the knotted brow of secret night! But there were those rare Saturday evenings when we and our kind gathered in the wine room of The Undying Light. The white wine and the red, both were thin and sour, but our lips parching with hope deferred were watered into life and our astonished ears heard wit and wisdom flow from them and presently our eyes began to glow with the vision of our bodies moving triumphantly through the gates of Success. A lovely vista you saw through those gates; lovelier than anything you are likely ever again to see.

"What good did that do you?" I hear a stern moralist demand. O Wise One, what good does life in general do me? It gives me fleeting glimpses of beauty, as I race from darkness to darkness. There is one glimpse you and I are denying our successors upon the earth. They shall strive desperately as we did to find the penetrable seam in that great oyster the world, but they shall not from time to time have pause in this anxious quest, to dream the oyster opened and glowing with more pearls than ever oyster yielded. They shall endure the years without respite until the upward curve of their powers and the downward curve of their hopes meet in middle-aged contentment. The curves will meet the sooner? Oh, yes, I suppose so. But you and I have felt the curves meet. Is the sensation worth those glittering dreams?

But this sounds like a defence of Bohemia, and everybody is disillusioned with Bohemia; let us seek more respectable scenes. I introduce you to the little city of Talasatchee, one of the oldest, sweetest and most respectable in the Old South, and to my friend Carter Ashton, respectfully spoken of by the leading citizens as a rising young lawyer. I think he is a little under thirty, in spite of his grave black coat and his grave, suave manners and solid, polysyllabic rhetoric. He is indeed rising, but as he says, "about at the rate of a geological formation." It is a long pull to take business away from the old lawyers who wrote all the wills upon which private property in Talasatchee rests. But Carter Ashton makes enough to pay the rent of a pleasant suite in a deep porticoed office building on the main street, where old residences and business houses rub shoulders under the lofty oaks, and where the social

and the business life flow steadily by, deliciously intermingled. When you call on Carter Ashton you will find him busily poring over briefs, most likely those of some famous case won by "the Honorable James P. White, one of the most distinguished lawyers in the whole Southland." He appears to be willing to exchange his researches for a friendly chat, and he makes himself so entertaining that, before you know, the brief southern twilight is upon you, and the lace of the curtain floats inward on the gulf breeze, scented with roses and magnolias. From the street below the voices of girls, promenading in bebies, float up to you; you can even hear the rustle of their skirts. Your host rises and unlocks a cabinet from which he produces two glasses and a distorted bottle.

"This is very nice," you murmur appreciatively.

"Yes." He sips contemplatively. "I don't much believe in drinking. But I keep a little at hand so that when it seems too long a pull"—

He pauses as a silvery peal of laughter rings from the sidewalk below.

"But suppose you couldn't get it?"

"Well, then I reckon I'd go crazy. Or, if you'll pardon the expression, I'd raise hell."

That is a special case, you say. True, but I like special cases, in spite of the fact that I find them everywhere, and indeed suspect that they are the chief part of human life. And so I shall insist upon invoking another, that of Peter Benton, onetime able seaman, who still wears earrings, circular, with an anchor in them, bright against the dull red bronze of his cheek. A crushed leg expelled him from life on the far waters, many years ago. Now he lives deep in a New England inlet, from which he issues daily in a schooner cobwebbed over with nets, to take up his station somewhere near the dim line of the horizon. I've been out there with him, of a clear summer day. It's agreeable then. But to my sober senses, that sort of life must be intolerable, when the gray skies and the iceberg chill rest upon the coast, as they do most of the time. Then the sea would seem to me merely a salty desert, a wandering waste of barren foam. So also it would seem to Peter Benton, I gather from his terse comment, in his sober senses, if he ever had such.

But always you can discover in the boat a brave demijohn, out of which the brown burnt liquor bursts with appalling generosity into the dirty tumbler Peter thrusts into your hand. Fortunately he does not insist on your gulping it down, though he shows you how. It takes the second half pint to rise above the threshold of his consciousness and unlock his soul to ride buoyantly upon the waters. Then you can catch from him the meaning

of the sea; you can feel its waves beating relentlessly against the glacier reefs of the poles and flowing languorously upon the warm sands of tropical beaches. More, you become conscious of the immense fecundity of the ocean mothers, like experimenting with all forms and colors, even the forms and colors of dreams. Peter has never read of Neptune and Thetis, of nereids and sirens and mermaids, but he has heard of them from those who have seen them. They are real, real as the mayor or the President, whom likewise he has not read of. Peter also knows that somewhere down on the sea floor is a stately palace where all the men and women sunk at sea without burial rites, all handsome and beautiful in their sea green robes, dance to the pulse of the sea upon floors of Spanish gold.

"All handsome and beautiful?" I demand. "Suppose you and I sink right now, do you suppose we'd get rid of our present looks?"

Peter gazes at me piercingly, critically. "Yep. The sea can wash anything out of ye."

The demijohn is not a widow's cruse, and by this time it is dry. By good fortune you say; Peter will see more fish when his attention is no longer distracted by the sight of handsome youths and lovely maidens dancing upon a floor of Spanish gold. There are calories in fish, and money. Let us think no more of Peter Benton and his scheme of visionary values. Let us rather think of ourselves.

We will exchange confidences. I'll tell you what I think of you; see if it isn't exactly what you think of me. I think you are a perfectly well ordered, properly arranged citizen. I picture you going day after day to your office, to sink your mind utterly in the details of the business whereby you make your living. In the evening I see you returning to your home, your business cares consciously expelled from your mind, to dine and chat and recuperate for your next day's business. So day after day, year after year. You seem to me like a large building, without any light in it except a green shaded movable lamp suitable for lighting up just the small circle where practical work is going on. Isn't that the way I appear to you, too?

But behind the shutters and heavy curtains of our official fronts you know and I know that there are many lights of varying colors, not dead, but turned off, and we have forgotten where the pushbuttons are. They can come on of themselves, though, illuminating many a scene of past joy or regret or of vague anticipation, restoring us to a poignant sense of life, of life so brief, so crippled, so limited in actual experience, but so boundless and rich in contemplation. In such mood, fix your eyes upon

the horizon; does not your heart grow faint with homesickness for that distant, wavering line, and the horizon beyond, and beyond, all round the curving world, whose whole sum of beauty you would take at one draught and be as a god? "I never have any such illumination," you assert stoutly. Then neither do I, I assert with equal fervor. And it will be hard for anyone to have it, since July 1st.

We are too near home to be at ease. Go with me on one more excursion and I'll have done. There is a labor leader I know, Ole Björn—mispronounced Bejorn by his following. By descent and by temperament he is a viking. As you look into his eyes, deep sunken under shaggy yellow brows, you quail, so harsh is their angry challenge. You measure his shoulders, two ells broad; his arms, long and muscular, his gigantic hands, veined and knotted. Evidently he is a terrible fighter. For ten years he has remained the head of his union because not a man in it dares to face him in conflict. And in those years he has done not a thing to improve the union's position. He has won not a cent's increase in wages, not a minute off the working day. Yet his ideas are of the most revolutionary, the most violent character. He has sat out the ten years in a doze, dreaming of the sea, of armed combat, of rest and feasting in quiet waters. Catch him in his communicative moments and you will find him a document more interesting than any history, a primordial explosive force, held to civilized peaceableness by drink. He knows what it is that controls him and hates it. His eyes gleam at the thought of a dry world, as a caged lion's might gleam at the thought of shattered bars.

Consider: there have been in the history of the world innumerable barbarian states in which drinking was unknown. In those states, life was simple and uniform; men lived their lives in the present; their hopes were brief and achievement or defeat was prompt. There were men born with temperaments too wild for even such simple discipline; for them there was the warpath, or the road to far countries. There never has yet been a civilized state founded upon cold water. Civilization is a condition of great strain, of building for the remote future, of subordination of rebellious temperaments. Civilized society has made its peace with some strong wills by lifting them above the common level; other strong wills, often the great majority, it has translated through drink into dreams. Was that for good or for evil? We shall see. Yet those were glorious dreams, dreams not to be omitted when we cast up the record of the vanquished foe.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Parasites

ON this particular week-end party there were only four men—the host, the big business man, the artistic gink and myself. I had known the business man for years. I knew him first when he was a hardworking art student. Then when he was a Commercial Artist. Then when he became wise to certain war and post-war contracts and made his big killing. He was always red-blooded and two-fisted, but with success he seemed to have more blood and more fists, though tighter fists, than ever. Why he submitted to a week-end party I couldn't guess, except that his capable wife had daughters to put on the market, and the market was here or hereabouts.

The artistic fellow was more interesting. I could feel that he distilled Italy and things Italianate through the more sumptuous homes around New York. He had, indeed, reached Long Island via Italy, and he curled up in this country house like a cat on a cushion. He wasn't a mere visitant, like a foreigner or a great military hero or a great photographer. He was obviously at home. He knew more about the host's motors than the host did, he knew the corner where to leave letters to be posted and he found his way by beautiful instinct to the choicer cigarettes. How he made a living I did not know, he had invisible means of support. But he wasn't insolently at home with the other fellow's belongings. For all of us he had a velvet smile and a voice that hung on us like crêpe de chine.

But this affability was real enough. He had not the least tincture of the snob. He did not poke the outsider with a gingerly toe, he trusted his weight to him if he did anything. And he had one eminent, humanness, he paid astonishingly little respect to the fact that in super-suburban houses servants have a distinct and formidable status which imposes on practically everyone. He acted toward servants as if he wished that for heaven's sake they would respect their own personalities and leave their status to take care of itself. This offset the fact that he walked liltily amidst the chinoiserie. The servants liked him vastly better than they liked the big business man, though brute-fact manners were likely to be succeeded by brute-fact tips.

Before we had chatted and smoked together I was predisposed against the aesthete. He did not look unwholesome, certainly not more unwholesome than the average bishop, and a slightly similar ambiguity as to his means of livelihood was not enough to damn him out of court. But he was extremely aesthetic. He had a little the oozy flavor of pâté de foie gras. He lacked the pleasant astringency of the good old American business man. So, at any rate, I thought at first. I felt cloyed by

him, cloyed by his refinement. I suspected he had vices. Where there was so much purr there must be some claw. It was not until later, when I heard that he was from southern Ohio, that I really tried to understand him and to control my natural prejudice in favor of the strong Anglo-Saxon male.

For what was he to do? He was born not only to Ohio but to art, and Ohio stepped on him. The Skin-nays of his native small town thought he was a sissy. They thought he wasn't fit to live. The only people in that frontier of civilization who understood his sensitiveness were his rather foolish mother and his still more foolish teacher, and he managed to survive by clinging to their petticoats. And how he clung! In another environment, say France, he might have been encouraged to be creative, encouraged to risk himself. But in the respectable Christian circle where he was reared he could only express himself freely to those who wanted to coddle him. Between being bullied and being coddled he was successfully effeminated. And then he went to Chicago to study art.

Have you ever studied art in Chicago? It meant, in those days, either the great factories that turned out Commercial Artists, like the business man, or a segregation of all the high-strung, half-baked mothers' darlings and teachers' pets, the blind leading the blind. This youth was promptly segregated, and it smothered his little spark of creativeness in an emulsion of sensibilities. He turned to decorative ecstasy and the cultivation of feeling oneself refined. In pursuing that line he went through all sorts of absurdities and eccentricities, but his susceptibility happened to be genuine and Italy at last saved his decorative soul. It was his survival of the handicap of the Fine Arts Building, I think, that won my sympathy. The man had come through, though forced to wait till maturity to have his measles and mumps.

Hardly had I installed him in favor after making these inferences from a few remarks of his, when my friend the B. B. man took me for a walk. A walk on Long Island is not my sole idea of happiness—that part of Long Island, I mean, which has flattened itself out under the heel of the estates imposed on it. But the big business man wished to keep his figure, and he shamelessly insisted on walking in a rubber shirt. Perhaps it was the rubber shirt that irritated him into his animadversions on the other week-end guest.

"Where did they import the tame cat from?"

"He isn't imported, Bill," I said, "he's domestic."

"Domestic? He's a hell of an American. He's a right-down degenerate, take it from me."

"A degenerate? William!"

"You got me. He's nothing but a tout for some of these Fifth avenue art stores. I don't see how they give him house room. I suppose it's the women. They like this sort of object around. *Objet d'art*. *Objet d'hell*. I hate that kind of parasite."

A silence, not unwelcome, fell on the two of us as we followed on the straight, level, Long Island road. Occasionally we heard a hoot behind us and we stepped off the black road into the dusty weeds, then we resumed our stiff parade. Bill was being rewarded. He was liberally sweating. But the big business of sweating engrossed him.

A parasite? Yes, the artistic gink was indubitably a parasite. He could not get away with his exquisiteness unless someone supported him, and in some way or other he made his exquisiteness pay. But how about Bill? Bill had an immense appearance of being self-supporting. He was now so stuffed with his war contracts that he crackled like an overheated stove. But how had he come by it? He, too, had been an artist not so many years back, about the same time as our suave aesthete. Was he so much more independent? His magnificent Commercial Art Factory came to my mind.

The factory was bad enough, as I remembered it, with the abject subordination of all the talented youths at work in it and their obsequious efforts to create what they called "class." But my strong Anglo-Saxon male came most to my mind in his own efforts to "write business"; holding the spittoon, so to speak, for prospective customers and "entertaining" them in the hope that sooner or later they'd "come across." Somehow the self-evident independence to which Anglo-Saxons are manifestly born does not loom brilliantly out of the atmosphere of their contract-seeking. The word "solicit" has significant associations with an allied profession. Bill "on the road" had a technique not so unlike a lady "on the street." The Commercial Art in itself was in perfect keeping with the seductions that accompanied it, the opening of hearts that followed the opening of wine. "My Wife." "My boy at Yale." "My little girl, the sweetest," etc.,—all leading, perhaps unconsciously, to a fatter contract. And then much manhood if the contract falls through. "I just told him he could . . ."

But after Bill accumulated his quarter of a million and started out to do something "big," he wasn't yet independent. He found himself obliged to pool that tiny sum with fellows who had infinitely bigger sums. He was independent only on sufferance. If he ceased for one moment to be submissive, even now, they would shake him down.

"He's such a soft slob, that fellow," Bill recurred. "He's so damn refined."

"He's from Ohio, he's doing his best," I murmured.

"Ohio? He never saw Ohio."

"Yes, Bill, he was brought up on the banks of the Ohio and he sipped the Pierian spring on Michigan avenue in Chicago."

"Pierian piffle. I know Chicago. He's never from Ohio."

"You want a man as is a man, don't you, Bill?"

"I don't want these floorwalkers and parasites. I'm against these goddamn European hangers-on."

That was all. Bill's chin—that is to say, the first of his three chins—was thrust out into the air. I took a side-glimpse at it, against the backdrop of deferential Long Island cottonwood trees. He looked extremely dominant, Bill, and I trembled for his effete enemies. How unlike that other soft parasite was this hard super-suburbanite, I thought to myself. A free man was Bill, a man equal to any man not his economic superior, and so manfully pursuing happiness in his rubber shirt.

F. H.

The Rise of a New Russian Autocracy

RETURNING to the United States after an absence of nine months, I was amazed at the attitude of some of our large publications with respect to Russia. Kolchak, whom I have seen break up a democratic government in Siberia with the ruthlessness of a Tartar conqueror; who has suppressed free speech and free press; who has either jailed or exiled or murdered every member of the Russian Constituent Assembly upon whom he could lay his hands; and who has caused the opponents of his rule of the fist to be tortured and killed—Kolchak is represented to the American people as a disinterested person who is trying to establish democratic government in Russia!

And now comes word that the Council of Four at Paris has decided to supply Kolchak with money, provisions and ammunition, with a promise of recognition of his government, on the hypothesis that he will convene a Constituent Assembly as soon as he has taken Moscow!

Moscow is, of course, a long, long way off from Kolchak. But that the hypothesis is none the less a dangerous one I hope to make clear from the acts of Kolchak himself.

How do I come to know these things, and what are my qualifications for estimating their importance?

I sailed from San Francisco for Vladivostok early in September, 1918. I was sent by the Committee on Public Information. For what purpose neither the Committee nor I really knew. In a general way it was felt that I might be useful in Siberia. I had organized the Russians in the United States for the memorable Fourth of July 1918. I spoke Russian well, knew the peculiar psychology of the Russian mind, liked the Russians and felt with them. I was moreover familiar with the history of the Russian revolutionary movement and the minutiae of Russian socialist party politics. One of my recommendations was perhaps the fact that I considered Bolshevism—as I still consider it—an idealist's dream, an historical soap-bubble.

In Siberia I found an abundance of work awaiting me. I was first loaned by the Committee on Public Information to the War Trade Board, for whom I took stock of the immense quantities of wealth that had accumulated in the port of Vladivostok during the last four years. I was next loaned to the American Red Cross, first to handle the now famous "Death Train" situation and its sequels, the epidemics of typhoid fever, typhus and dysentery; then to construct an anti-typhus train and fit out an anti-typhus expedition; next I did some literary work for the Committee, and was finally again loaned by them to the American Red Cross to accompany a shipload of invalided Czechoslovaks around India to Italy.

I thus had every opportunity to enter into the very heart of the Siberian situation.

My first glimpse of what the future held in store was on the way from Tsuruga, Japan, to Vladivostok.

Among the polyglot passengers who crowded the boat, I met a remarkable man—Voinoff. He was about 45, of medium stature, with light-gray, penetrating eyes, harsh features and long, blond hair. His costume was a mixture of the uniform of a French captain of infantry and the vestments of a Russian priest. I was told by passengers who had crossed the Pacific with him, that he had given such free expression to his hatred of America on the trans-Pacific steamer, as to get into a bad scrap with a group of American army officers. I became acquainted with him. We established ourselves in a corner among the lifeboats on the upper deck, where we talked uninterruptedly for many hours.

It was true that he detested America—an earthly, a vulgar, a despicable conglomeration of hybrids, with mob-rule for a government. America's boast of democracy—what did it amount to? The boast of a full pot of flesh and a full measure of beans!

"If I believed even for one moment that such degraded materialism was the destiny of the human race, I would jump overboard," he declared. "The true destiny of mankind is, not to rest content with a full dinner pail, like America; nor like the French, to erect likenesses of men and women in marble and in bronze, but to produce a race of men like unto the Creator himself—His true representatives upon this earth. To produce and maintain such an aristocracy is worth all the blood and tears of the entire human race."

He was, in short, an aristocrat by conviction and a monarchist as well, and he was on his way to Siberia as an emissary from the Russian officers on the French front to initiate a propaganda for the restoration of the autocracy.

"But not the Romanoffs," he said. "A monarch who cannot maintain himself upon the throne is not worthy of it. There is but one man in Russia who is strong enough to meet the situation. He is known to be faithful to the Holy Greek Catholic religion, and he alone can be depended upon to purge the sacred ground of Russia of Jews, Poles, Bolsheviki, infidels and foreigners."

"Who is that man?" I asked.

"His name is Kolchak," announced the military priest.

It was several weeks before I realized that Voinoff was not insane.

Conditions in Siberia in October 1918

In order that the reader may have a good insight into the Siberian situation as I found it in October 1918 it is important that he understand the role of Vladivostok in Siberia.

Vladivostok is the gateway to Siberia. It is situated at the end of a long line of railway that extends across two continents, from Brest in the westernmost end of Europe to the Sea of Japan.

Foreign trade and foreign manufacture, and the products of Siberia destined for other countries—outside of Europe—enter and leave by way of Vladivostok. The name of Vladivostok—the Ruler of the East—is, therefore, well chosen; for whoever is in possession of Vladivostok is in practical possession of Siberia.

In 1901 the population of the city was 24,000. Of these, 23,000 were men, and the other thousand women. It was, in fact, nothing but a Russian fortress. Today Vladivostok has a population of about 150,000.

During the war the Tsar found it expedient to extend the institution of the Zemstvo to Siberia. It proved a signal success. Local self-government resulted in local efficiency. A new spirit of patriotism awakened, manifesting itself in an increased supply of butter, eggs, flax, wheat, and other Siberian products for the eastern front.

With the fall of the Kerensky regime, the Bolsheviks, as was the case in European Russia, substituted a Soviet government in place of the regularly elected Zemstvo administration. On the 29th of June, however, the Czechoslovaks, who had been quartered by the Bolsheviks upon the eminences around Vladivostok, followed the advice of the Allied Powers and took the city by marching through it. In justice to some of our newspapers who gave vivid accounts of the bloody battles incident to this achievement, be it said, that on the following day a few Bolsheviks did intrench themselves in a building near the station and a few shots were interchanged. Two days later Nikolsk-Ussuriysky fell, and the rest of Siberia followed suit. The members of the Vladivostok Soviet were, on general principles, interned in a Czechoslovak camp. The Zemstvo officials returned to their places. Upon my arrival at Vladivostok I found the Zemstvo government in full swing.

But what is a Zemstvo?

A Zemstvo corresponds to a state administration in the United States, with its legislative, executive and judiciary divisions. Its officials are elected in about the same manner as state officials are elected here.

The new administration was laboring under great difficulties. There was no manufacturing worth speaking of in Siberia, and speculation in the necessities of life ran wild in spite of the vigilance of the authorities. The railway system had broken down, and the housing problem was distressing. Within the past four years Siberia had doubled its population, and during that period hardly a single house had been built. The situation was aggravated by the fact that the Allied troops had arrived, with their Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., publicity bureaus, and other bodies. And all the time wretched crowds of refugees were pressing eastward, toward Vladivostok—Russians, Serbs, Greeks, Poles, Jews—men and women and children of all nationalities and all conditions. They settled in railway cars, railway stations, military barracks—wherever there were four walls and a roof.

The Zemstvo officials in Vladivostok worked like beavers. Amid all the difficulties and mistakes, one saw clearly that a strong democratic system of government was gradually

emerging. At the City of Tomsk the several Siberian Zemstvos were being coördinated, and a central government was gradually but certainly evolving and assuming definite outlines. At the same time about 90 members of the original Russian Constituent Assembly which had been dispersed by the Bolsheviks, assembled at Ufa, a town on the Siberian side of the Ural Mountains. National groups added to the representation and an All-Russian Convention was held. The convention elected a Directorate of Five to organize an All-Russian government. The seat of the new government was Omsk.

The All-Russian Directorate fell to work. The several ministries were organized and the labor of rebuilding the country proceeded apace.

One heard very little about the Bolsheviks at this time. The fact was that the Siberian Soviets had never gone to great extremes, as in European Russia, and the changes from Zemstvo to Soviet government and back again to Zemstvo government had not been of such a drastic nature as to cause great bitterness. The mass of the people were very hopeful and had great confidence in their new Zemstvo officials, whom they felt to be truly representative of their interests and ideals.

Their attitude toward the Americans was that of a small boy in distress who sees his strong older brother coming to his rescue.

"The Americans are our brothers," I heard on all sides. "The Americans fought for their own liberty and won it. Now they have come to help us win our liberty. They will show us how to establish a United States of Russia."

The newspapers were full of accounts of the excellence of the American soldiers: how they cooked their coffee in the morning by the side of the railway train; how they laughed, and played, and sang; how their officers wore nearly the same clothing as the men, and were neither arrogant nor cruel; how considerate and polite they were with women; and how generous with cigarettes and kopeks.

The Zemstvos were working out a scheme of government on the model of the United States. "By the time we are through," one of their leading officials said to me, "we shall have your American Constitution, with such changes as will accommodate it to the peculiarities of Russian life. The particular changes to which I refer are such as will allow of a broader expansion along the lines of national, state, county and municipal ownership of public utilities."

"We have established a special Bureau in our Zemstvo," the chairman told me, "whose business it is to obtain all possible information about the way America lives and works, so that we can teach the Siberians the best possible methods. Permit me to introduce you to the chief of this bureau—M. Afanasyeff."

And the excellent Afanasyeff proceeded to explain to me the workings of his bureau. . . .

Such was the condition of Siberia in the early days of October, 1918.

The First Inroads of the New Autocracy

One morning, about the middle of October, I found M. Medvieyeff, the Chairman of the Maritime Province Zemstvo (an office equivalent to that of governor with us) in a gloomy mood.

He had received a disquieting piece of news. A Commissar was arriving in Vladivostok, sent by the All-Russian Directorate at Omsk, to superintend the affairs of the Province. What the exact function of this Commissar

would be he did not know. A sort of inspector, to watch over the Constitution of the Province? But the Constitution of the Province provided for no such office. It was very disquieting.

The Commissar, M. Zimmerman, indeed arrived in Vladivostok, and with him an order from the All-Russian Directorate that the militia of the Province be handed over to him.

"The militia is your police," I said to M. Medvieff, "how can you do without it?"

"We no longer have the power to arrest a pickpocket," he replied in his modest way.

"But why should the Directorate want to do such a thing? Most of its members are of your own party?"

A few members of the Executive Council entered the Chairman's cabinet.

"We have a theory," said one of them. "We have come to the conclusion that someone else is speaking for the Directorate."

"And the Directorate itself?"

"Is put out of the way."

"How can you imagine such a thing?"

"We can imagine nothing else."

Did they have their own secret information, or was it instinct that led them on the right trail?

I had no time to conjecture myself. For while political history was thus making in Siberia, I was busy with my own work—taking stock of the accumulated stores of wealth in Vladivostok. The Tsar's old officials were bad book-keepers. An item indicating the presence in Vladivostok of some millions of pounds of sewing machines and typewriters—articles greatly needed in Siberia—proved upon investigation to be nothing but electric bulbs. Some 75,000,000 pounds of tea and a similar quantity of rice were reluctant to make their appearance, as were a number of other articles in quantities of millions of pounds. But the most difficult task of all was to ascertain the contents of the private warehouses. Yet it was highly important for Siberia to get at the facts. For American merchants could not be expected to ship their products to Siberia unless they knew in advance what the Siberians themselves had on hand.

"You will find our cornerers of the people's bread a hard lot to deal with," I was told on every side.

The Zemstvo had a law on its statutes by which the merchants could be ordered to submit inventories of their stock. This order the officials of the Zemstvo government were very anxious to issue, for above all things they valued the cooperation of the United States.

"Then why don't you issue this order at once?" I asked them.

"Because M. Tseklinsky insists that he will issue the order which you want."

M. Tseklinsky was the newly arrived representative of the Ministry of Supplies at Omsk. It was true that he had promised to issue the order. But his procrastinations were endless and his excuses infinite.

"But he has promised a dozen times in the last few days, and he still keeps on postponing," I objected.

"He will never issue it," was M. Medvieff's laconic declaration.

"Why not, when it is so plainly in the interests of Siberia?"

"Because the speculators are among his staunchest political supporters. He will not molest them in the interests of mere Siberia."

"Then why don't you issue the order yourselves?"

"We probably shall. In a day or two the situation will clear up . . ."

The very next day there appeared in the newspapers an open letter by the Zemstvo government addressed to the newly arrived official from Omsk. It was to the effect that the Omsk representative had no right to interfere with the workings of that body. Furthermore, the letter stated that the regularly elected authorities of the Province were responsible to the people for the billions of rubles worth of commodities. They refused to hand them over to a person who bore no responsibility to the people of the Province.

But the Omsk government was ready for the occasion. M. Tseklinsky informed the Zemstvo administration that if it did not hand over to him immediately all the supplies of the Province, he would order what practically amounted to a blockade—he would stop railway shipments to and from Vladivostok.

The Zemstvo administration submitted, and vast quantities of supplies in the maritime Province were delivered to the government of Omsk.

Some days later the following item appeared in the newspapers:

"The temporary All-Russian government issued an order to the effect that the Siberian Duma which had been dissolved by order of the Administrative Council, should be convoked again. Two members of the temporary government, Vologodsky and Gen. Boldireff, disagreed with this order, and caused the arrest of the other members, Avksientieff, Argunoff and Zenzinoff. In this arrest of the members of the government, the army took an active part. Almost simultaneously Vice Admiral Kolchak, who had been prominent in the aforesaid occurrences, was appointed Minister of the Army and Navy."

The Siberian Duma, then, the central body of the Zemstvo system, had been dissolved, and dissolved by order of the Administrative Council. "By order of the Administrative Council!" That phrase had been the slogan of the Tsar's regime, and its magic power had sent a hundred thousand freedom-loving Russians to the dungeon, to the gallows and to hard labor in the mines. "By order of the Administrative Council" stood for the words *without a trial!*

And the majority of the members of the Directorate arrested . . . through the active participation of the army . . . I saw a black cloud lowering over unhappy Siberia.

Kolchak's Coup d'Etat

The first part of November, 1918, may well be named by the future historian of Siberia "the Days of Suspense." People felt that events of tremendous importance for all Russia were transpiring in the inner circles at Omsk. Men and women crowded the sidewalks in front of the newspapers at Vladivostok early in the morning, waiting impatiently for the first copies that came off the press. The newspapers demanded information as to what was happening behind closed doors at Omsk. But the telegraph was silent, rumors were contradictory, and the Omsk representatives non-committal. The political skies were heavily overcast, and the atmosphere heavy and oppressive. Men smelled the odor of sulphur that precedes the eruption of a volcano.

On the 20th of November I was handling the "Death Train" situation at Nikolsk-Ussuriysky.

Upon entering the railway station that evening, I was startled to see large posters, which read as follows:

DECREE

Of the Council of Ministers, Nov. 18, 1918.

The Minister of the Army and Navy, Vice-Admiral Alexander Kolchak, is promoted to the office of Admiral.

Chairman of the Council of Ministers,

Peter Vologodsky,

Business Manager of the Council of Ministers,

Georg Telberg.

In view of the difficulties of the government and the necessity of concentrating the entire highest power into the hands of a single person, the council of ministers has decided:

To hand over temporarily the highest governmental power to Admiral Alexander Kolchak, attaching to him the title of Supreme Ruler.

Chairman of the Council of Ministers,

Peter Vologodsky.

Business Manager of the Council of Ministers,

Georg Telberg.

DECREE

Of the Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces of the Land and the Sea. The City of Omsk, Nov. 18, 1918.

1.—*On this day, by order of the Council of Ministers of the All-Russian Government, I was appointed Supreme Ruler.*

2.—*This day I have taken Chief Command of All the Power of the Land and Sea of Russia.*

Admiral Kolchak.

Crowds of people were gathered before the posters—railway officials, peasants, workmen. There was no comment. The silence was tense, ominous. The illiterate knew by the expressions of those who were reading that something terrible had happened, and every little while a workman or a muzshik would ask one of the silent readers to explain to him the significance of the posters. And when the request was complied with—always in a low voice and always very slowly, syllable for syllable, the listener, at the end of the reading, said never a word. Some remained motionless on the spot for a little while, arms hanging limp by their sides, as if paralyzed, others walked off immediately. And always, as he walked off, each man waved his hand in the air past his face once—a peculiar motion indicative of anger and despair.

"What do you think of this?" I asked a man who was walking off with a wave of the hand.

He gazed at me in surprise, repeated the peculiar movement, and turned away without a word.

"What do you think of it?" I asked another man.

He stopped, raised his hand to his hairy face and walked off.

"What do you think of it?" I asked a gigantic workman.

He appeared surprised at the purity of my Russian speech and looked at me suspiciously.

"Ach, you Americans, Americans!" he said at last, shaking his head from side to side, and spreading his hands out wide. "You sons of freedom, what can you be thinking of us Russian fools?"

"What do you suppose will happen now?" I asked him.

"Don't ask!" And he pointed to his heart. "There is a pain here that ties my tongue. So don't ask." And he took my hand in his tremendous paw and pressed it hard.

I repeated my question to a little red-haired, red-bearded muzshik. Pointing his finger to the sky, he muttered hoarsely:

"A storm is coming—a hurricane will sweep down! The land will run with blood!" And he waved his hand and walked off.

I thought of Voinoff—the Russian military priest whom I met on the way from Japan to Vladivostok, and for the first time I realized that he was *not* insane.

But Kolchak was not content, it seems, with the mere title of Supreme Ruler of All Russias. He immediately busied himself with proving to the people that he was perfectly familiar with the minutest attributes becoming to an autocrat and that he was bent on possessing himself of each and every one of them. And so, on the 30th of November his Council of Ministers issued the following remarkable laws, in which even the most benighted of my readers will recognize the character of the government that made them:

"Paragraph 99 of the Criminal Code.—Any person guilty of an attempt on the life, health, freedom and general safety of the Supreme Ruler, or the violent deprivation of his or his ministers' power, or the realization of such power, shall suffer the punishment of death. By the word 'attempt' is understood the aiming at the aforementioned heavy crimes as well as their commission."

"Paragraph 100 of the Criminal Code.—Any person guilty of a violent attempt at the overthrow or change of the existing order of government, or at the separation or secession of any part of the Russian territory, shall suffer the punishment of death."

"Paragraph 103 of the Criminal Code.—Any person guilty of insulting the Supreme Ruler by word of mouth, in handwriting or in print, shall be punished by confinement in a prison."

"Paragraph 329 of the Code of Criminal Corrective Punishments.—Any person guilty of the conscious non-fulfillment of an order by the Supreme Ruler is subject to the punishment of being deprived of all rights and confinement to hard labor for a term of from 15-20 years."

Acting Minister of Justice, Starinkevitch,
Business Manager of the Council of Ministers
and of the Supreme Ruler,

Telberg.

On the 3d of December the following order was issued by Gen. Ivanoff-Rinoff, the Commander-in-chief of the Siberian armies:

"I hereby order you to maintain the sacred duty of allegiance to the All-Russian Ruler and his Council of Ministers, and to take immediate measures for guarding the peace and order of the country. (1). By the temporary prohibition of open-air assemblies. (2). Meetings in covered spaces to be held only by special permission. (3). To suppress in the very germ any attempt at propaganda of any kind, either through speech or through print against the All-Russian Ruler and his Council of Ministers, and to deliver persons guilty of such attempts to a field court-martial."

On the 27th of November four members of the Directorate, Avksientieff, Zenzinoff, Argunoff and Rogofsky were, by an order from Omsk, placed on a train and carried out of Siberia into China, convoyed by soldiers and officers of the Omsk garrison. "The English General Knox," so runs the laconic report, "detailed several English soldiers to act as guards for the prisoners."

The adherents of representative government in Siberia appeared a little puzzled at first regarding the part played by General Knox in the events at Omsk. But it was not long before congratulations arrived from the representatives of England to Admiral Kolchak. Then the Zemstvo of-

ficials thought they "knew the reason why," and said so in one of their resolutions, which I shall quote by-and-by.

Yes, autocracy had come to life in Siberia, and was working out in every detail a model of the Romanoff regime. Even the mock trial of the persons accused of arresting the members of the Directorate was not omitted. "On the 19th of November there appeared before the Supreme Ruler Kolchak the officers of the local Omsk garrison and confessed their participation in the arrest, acknowledging their heavy crime in that, without any order by the highest civil and military authorities of Russia, they, of their own initiative, had caused the aforesaid arrest. They declared, however, that they were compelled to act as they did, under the pressure of wide civil and military circles. And they implored that they might be delivered over to the justice of the Field Court-Martial, considering it a happiness to die for the renaissance of Russia, the salvation of their country. In compliance with the order of the Supreme Ruler an investigation was instituted, with the result that the persons accused of the unauthorized arrest and detention of the members of the Directorate were delivered over to the Supreme Court Martial. . . ."

"The instigators of the change declared—not guilty."

"Omsk. An order was issued to declare to all parts of the army that Col. Volkoff, Ataman Krasilnikoff and Army Chief Kitanayeff, who had been tried by the Field Court Martial, were found—not guilty." Thus runs the report in the monarchist People's Gazette of November 27th.

The politeness of the Zemstvo administration at this turn of affairs reminded me of the attitude of "the angels above human distresses." It is certain, however, that they understood the psychology of the Supreme Ruler, and knew that if they had been at this juncture otherwise than polite, they might "suffer the punishment of death" in anticipation of the laws of the 30th of November quoted above. And so on the 22d of November the Zemstvo Administration of the Maritime Province passed the following resolution:

"Three of the five members of the All-Russian Directorate, Avksientieff, Zenzinoff and Argunoff, have been arrested at Omsk, after which, with the consent of the chief of the council of ministers, Vologodsky, Kolchak has declared himself the Supreme Ruler of All Russias.

"Considering this attempt at a violent substitution of a single supreme ruler for the All Russian Directorate as a phenomenon of the same order with certain other phenomena, namely: the dispersal of the All Siberian Duma; the illegal discharge of the Siberian ministers appointed by that Duma; the arbitrary appointment of provincial commissars without the consent and even against the protests of the regular local governments; the systematic violation and gradual annihilation of state and municipal self-government; the Executive Council of the Maritime Province Zemstvo finds that the event of the 18th of November is the most prominent of this series of violations of the will of the people, and is convinced that the further progress of similar events will bring their instigators to the inevitable breakdown of their sinister plans and hopes for the restoration of the autocracy.

"In consideration of the aforesaid, and protesting against the violence committed against the All-Russian Directorate, and rejecting every thought of the restoration of the autocracy in one form or another, be it resolved:

"To call upon the population of the Maritime Province to continue the difficult work of strengthening and developing the organs of local government with the consciousness that the creation of a firm national government

can be brought about only by the will of the whole people through their elected representatives to a Constituent Assembly."

Such are the men whom Kolchak and Kolchak's adherents have branded as anarchists and Bolsheviki.

The Stupidities and Outrages of the New Regime

I was sometimes amused, sometimes shocked by the utter stupidity of the new autocratic regime in Siberia. Instead of pacifying the population by a series of tolerant and benevolent actions, the new administration took every possible opportunity to announce its true character by irritating and frequently outrageous behavior. Let me cite a few examples:

Siberia was badly in need of sugar and the newly arrived Commissar, Zimmerman, asked me whether it would be possible to obtain sugar from the United States, saying that the Omsk government would agree to sell it to the people at cost. I told him that so far as my knowledge of the situation went, I had no hopes of his being able to obtain sugar from the United States. I suggested however that the English might have a surplus on hand in their Straits Settlements. I was later informed by M. Tseklinisky, representative of the Omsk Ministry of Supplies, that he had obtained the needed quantity of sugar from the English at the extraordinarily low price of 5½ cents a pound. There was one hitch however—Omsk had no money, and the English demanded a solid security. I told the War Trade Board how the matter stood—that Omsk would be willing to sell the sugar at cost but that the English demanded security. Our War Trade Board appeared anxious to take up the matter. Immediately after that I was called north to deal with the "Death Train," the Japanese, Austrian prisoners, and a number of other things, and I do not know to this day whether America furnished the security or not. However, the sugar was obtained, and immediately after, the Omsk government imposed upon it a tax of over three hundred per cent! What with the speculation that had now become quite a legitimate business, sugar in the Maritime Province soon sold at three and a half to five rubles a pound (a ruble was about 10 cents at the time), and farther west it was much higher.

Entire Siberia groaned, and cursed the new administration.

In accordance with an arbitrary mandate from Omsk the ticket for the January election at Vladivostok was presented for the hated Commissar's approval. He struck off the names of a number of candidates. The effect of this action upon the population was painful to witness.

I made use of my evenings to mingle with the real people—small business men, workingmen, militiamen—who gathered in the little tea houses, in the dark and unpaved side-streets of Vladivostok. On all sides I saw the profound gloom with which this action of the Commissar had overcast the minds of the people, and the heavy sense of distress—of utter despair—with which their hearts were oppressed.

"Imagine yourself as having spent most of your life in a dark jail until you had grown old and gray," said a big bear of a Russian, with a tremendous growth of beard, as he sat at tea in his heavy sheepskin overcoat and cap. "Imagine that the only thing which sustained you through-

out your years of suffering was the undying hope of freedom. And then one day the walls of your prison are burst asunder—a flood of light pours in upon you—your shackles disappear and you are free—free—free! The hot blood courses through your veins, you are young again, and happy, and your heart beats fast and strong. Suddenly a terrible executioner sweeps down upon you, who shackles your hands and feet with heavy iron chains and throws you into a dark dungeon to die! Death is all that is left to us Russians now! We cannot speak, we cannot write, we cannot assemble, we cannot vote. We are betrayed, we are forsaken! Singly and as a people we are being murdered.”

Other guests gathered around our table and listened attentively, now and then interrupting the speaker by a word of approval.

“But why do you say you cannot vote?” I objected. “What will keep you from voting in the coming election?”

“Vote? For whom? The candidates whom we have selected and whom we have entrusted with our fortunes have been stricken off the ballot by a stranger whom we do not know and whom we do not trust, and who is here for the avowed purpose of depriving us of our rights. No, dear friend, we have nobody now to vote for, and we aren’t going to vote.”

“Perhaps you personally aren’t going to vote, but you can’t speak for the rest of the people.”

The little audience laughed good-naturedly at my innocence.

“Nobody but a few speculators and monarchists are going to the polls. Those who love Russia will stay at home,” they said.

To my utmost surprise the people of Vladivostok really did stay at home on election day; although 35,000 votes had been cast in the previous election, only 4,000 were cast this year.

And yet there was no pre-election campaigning in Vladivostok that one could see—on the surface.

In the meantime more important events were taking place at Omsk. Reports were continually arriving about arrests of people holding most moderate political opinions. The laws passed by the Kolchak Ministry the 30th of November were being put in force. Every known or suspected malcontent was branded as a Bolshevik and arrested accordingly. The members of the Russian Constituent Assembly were thrown into jail as a matter of course. The Chapter of Oppression and Repression was rapidly reaching its climax.

On December 23rd the following telegram was received from the Omsk Business Manager of the Ministry of the Interior by General Horvath, now the supreme delegate for the Far East:

“On the night of December 21st disorders took place in Omsk. A crowd of workers at Kulomzino station, which is six versts distant from Omsk, rebelled and created disturbances. Several hundred soldiers attacked the Omsk prison, disarmed the guard, and freed about 200 prisoners, including Bolsheviks and members of the Constituent Assembly. The disorders were suppressed by 8 a. m. Some of the men attacking the prison were arrested, and the others dispersed. They are being located, as well as the liberated prisoners. A part of the latter have been re-arrested. The rebellion in Kulomzino has been suppressed by the troops sent out from Omsk. The city garrison is taking quick and decisive steps to control the disorders.”

About the same time General Romanovsky received the following telegram from Omsk:

“The Bolshevik propaganda has increased during the last few days,—on the night of December 22nd a group of disarmed workingmen, Bolsheviks and *other dark elements*, liberated the prisoners and attempted to create disturbances in military parts of the city, capturing temporarily the railroad station Kulomzino and disarming the railroad militia. Troops were called in who wiped out the rioters and order was re-established in the city and its surroundings.

“The Supreme Ruler issues this information in order to put a stop to all provocative rumors circulated by traitors to their country. He has ordered the merciless execution of all persons who attempted to create disturbances.”

I have talked with a number of eye-witnesses respecting this “merciless execution.” The simple words of the telegram do not begin to tell the story. The reader may know that the Omsk district is one of the coldest inhabited spots of the world. The December of 1918 was one of the coldest on record. Kolchak’s men made use of this fact; they stripped the rebels and drove them naked through the streets until in agony they confessed the names and hiding-places of their leaders. They were then placed in rows and shot, and their frozen bodies piled into freight cars. Protruding arms and legs were severed with a blow of the axe. The cars were pulled out of town and the bodies dumped in heaps to wait for the spring.

Interference with Last Remnants of Representative Government

Mere instinct should dictate to the stupidest animal of a man, after the election events at Vladivostok, to abstain from harrowing the outraged feelings of the voters any further. But simply to irritate the population did not seem sufficient to the Kolchak Commissar. He was bent upon infuriating it. About the middle of January, 1919, he informed the shrewd M. Agareff, Mayor of Vladivostok, that he had reviewed the election returns and found everything in connection with the recent balloting regular and proper. He found, however, that *from a legal standpoint* it was impossible for him to admit two of the newly elected delegates to the City Council, namely Nikiforoff and Usoff, of ballot No. 8, because of their Bolshevik sympathies.

It seems then that even with less than one-eighth of the voters participating in the election, two men objectionable to the Kolchak regime did manage to slip in. The Commissar’s idea of “Bolshevik sympathies” simply meant that the men in question had no sympathy for Kolchak.

Then followed a sharp exchange of letters between the City Mayor and Kolchak’s representative. Here are a couple of bright examples, as quoted in the Vladivostok newspapers. The first is from the Mayor and is addressed to the Commissar:

“In reply to your letter, I have the honor to inform you that in the matter of convoking the new City Duma, I know my duty. Regarding the removal of the members and candidates who were elected on Ticket No. 8, I regret to inform you that this demand, since it is beyond your authority, cannot be entertained by me nor will any such action be taken.”

In the same paper the Commissar’s reply is published as follows:

“In accordance with the temporary regulations for the District and County Commissars concerning the removal of representatives of anti-governmental political parties from governmental agencies, I request you,

at the first meeting of the new Duma, to bring up for discussion the question of the exclusion of the members of the new Duma elected from List No. 8.

"In connection with this I find it superfluous to tell you that I not only know what my duties are but also what yours are. Therefore your reference to my competency in your letter, No. 84, was misplaced."

A convention of representatives of Siberian Zemstvos and City Councils met at Vladivostok on January 1st, 1919, for the purpose of devising ways and means for the economic organization of the country. Amid the vortex of universal destruction they were attempting to rescue the farm, the fishery and the school as material for the building of a new nation. At the opening of the session M. Medviedyeff, the Chairman of the Zemstvo Executive Council of the Maritime Province, read two telegrams just received from the Kolchak government at Omsk and signed by the Acting Minister of the Interior. One of the telegrams read:

"I forbid your discussing questions of the construction of government and other political questions of a similar character."

The other forbade the discussion of any reports by the delegates, unless "all political questions are eliminated from the reports."

The senseless insult so gratuitously thrown into the midst of a gathering which consisted of the most politically moderate, and certainly the most enlightened elements of Siberia, called forth the reaction which might have been expected. The convention, in reply to the telegrams, passed a number of resolutions opposing the government of Kolchak as illegal and arbitrary, and expressing its allegiance to the regularly elected authorities of the Zemstvos and municipalities.

"The Conference," says one resolution, "sees the hopelessness of regulating and directing a reconstruction of the disordered economic life in view of the prevailing political tendency to abridge the people's rights."

"The Conference cannot be silent concerning the sad results of the interference of foreign forces, aiding the influence of small groups, which have no support from the masses of population.

"Such action can only help to bring back Bolshevism and to delay the moment of the country's reunion. Taking this into consideration, the Conference finds that the only way out of this situation is to reestablish order on a basis of the laws issued by the Russian Temporary Government of 1917, and to call in the nearest future the All-Siberian Constituent Assembly."

Chairman Medviedyeff, in summing up the Conference, said, "The principal and definite task of the Conference is to form a union. Only by a full union of representative agencies can Russia be saved. And we believe that the City and Zemstvo governments will save Russia. We hope that our example will be followed, and that an All-Siberian Conference will soon be called."

Reign of Lawlessness Under Kolchak

Open arrests and executions and covert official kidnappings and murders were tearing the life of Siberia into a thousand shreds in the month of January, 1919. A person had but to be suspected of disagreeing with the aims or methods of the Kolchak regime to be proclaimed a Bolshevik, and from that time on his life was in imminent danger.

On January 20th, M. Agareff, the City Mayor of Vladivostok, was returning late at night from a meeting

of the Convention of the Siberian Zemstvos in the company of a friend. They were walking along the dark Pushkinskaya, when they noticed that they were closely followed by two men. Suddenly their pursuers fired at them from behind. But the 15 shots all missed aim, except insofar as they greatly increased the hatred of the population of the city against those who were known to be the instigators of the dastardly attempt—the government at Omsk.

A day or two later I happened to speak of this incident to a Russian army officer.

"Agareff? That Bolshevik? He should have been killed long ago!" was his comment.

I travelled in a railway coupé with a Kossack officer and his adjutant. We drank tea, and smoked and talked. The Kossacks were reciting their exploits on the eastern front in the late war. I touched on the topic of the arrest of the members of the Constituent Assembly at Omsk.

"I know you Americans imagine that there is a difference between ordinary Bolsheviks and those dogs. Let me tell you—they are all one gang, and there is only one thing to do with them—to shoot them dead!"

Eight members of the Constituent Assembly did indeed perish at Omsk late in December or early in January. The circumstances connected with their death were kept a deep secret by the Omsk government, but the secret leaked out gradually. One of the eight men, Fomin, had made a great name for himself as a promoter of the Russian Co-operative Societies.

One day I found the railway employees at Nikolsk in a disturbed state of mind. I inquired what was the matter. A big, burly Russian, a freight-yard hand, speaking between compressed teeth, and in a voice husky with pent-up emotion, told me that a cold-blooded murder had taken place there only the day before. A workingman who had on several occasions given rather free expression to his opposition to the new regime, was informed by his fellows in the railway shops that some Kossacks were looking for him. He escaped through a window, ran across the railway bed, and began to climb the fence which separated the railway premises from the fields. Here his pursuers caught up with him. One of them struck him across the shoulders with his sabre. The man, bleeding profusely, managed to run some distance along the road which led to the town, but soon fell exhausted and died from loss of blood. He left a widow and five children.

When the man had finished his story he showed me his gigantic clenched fist and, speaking very, very slowly, with long intervals of silence between the words, he hissed between his teeth:

"And do you think the God of vengeance will sleep forever? No, no! A thousand time no!"

I visited the city of —* a few days later. The military commandant of the town, an excellent Russian, complained to me that in a little while it would be impossible for him to maintain peace. The stupid outrages of some people, he said, were forcing his peaceful population to become Bolsheviks. Five citizens had been kidnapped a few days before, and their dead bodies discovered by a posse of citizens in the brushwood, at a little distance from the town.

* I am compelled to omit here names of towns and persons. The latter would certainly be victimized if this article ever reached the Kolchak officials. I shall be glad, however, to give names and places to responsible persons.

"Do you know who murdered them?" I asked.

"Of course I do."

"Have you had the murderers arrested?"

He looked at me amazed, then tapped me on the shoulder.

"The Lord is high above, and the Tsar is far away," he replied meaningly.

"Were the murdered men Bolsheviks?"

"Whoever is murdered nowadays is a Bolshevik," he explained.

A military hospital at —* was congested in the extreme by the presence of a number of patients who had been brought there on a prison-train. Typhus had broken out. There was no way of controlling the situation except to relieve the crowding by a prompt discharge of the convalescents. It was important, however, to keep them in quarantine for a certain length of time; and, as they were, from a Russian official standpoint, prisoners, upon being discharged they had to have a convoy, a jail and a guard. I managed to obtain some barracks that might serve both as a quarantine and a prison. But I had neither convoy nor guard. The only military force available were cavalry soldiers, and I applied to their chief—a beautiful young fellow, dressed up in the Christmas-tree fashion of the Russian cavalry officer of the old regime. He refused at first, saying that it did not behoove the cavalry to serve as convoys or guards. I explained to him the danger to the whole population from the crowding in the hospital, and, by appealing to his patriotism, at last obtained his consent.

"But who are these prisoners?" he asked.

I explained again. There were about 600 of them, men, women and children. About 50 were accused of participation in the Bolshevik activities of European Russia. About 25 were petty civil offenders. The rest were perfectly innocent people who had been brought to town along with the prisoners through the prodigious incompetence of certain officials.

The officer suddenly became very eager.

"Doctor," he exclaimed with genuine enthusiasm, "believe me, it is best to be on the safe side. I'll tell you what I am going to do, because I see that you are a real American, and I like you. Let me have the entire damned lot of those 600 dogs, and if you only say the word, you have my assurance that within 24 hours there will be neither sick nor well among them!"

I explained that what I wanted was not an execution but a quarantine; and that with respect to the course of justice, I should be only too glad if he would institute an investigation. It would relieve me of a great responsibility and the Red Cross of great expense.

"Do you Americans stand up for the Bolsheviks?" he asked.

I told him that I had nothing to do with Russian political differences, that I merely wished to prevent, if possible, an epidemic of typhus in Siberia.

He shook his head sadly.

"The only way to prevent trouble is to put such people beneath the ground."

The military commandant of the city overheard our conversation and later on, at dinner, remarked:

"With such an attitude on the part of the officers, what can you expect? In a few weeks they will convert my entire population into a roaring, raging Bolshevik mob."

The physician-in-chief of the stricken hospital, an old man, who had spent most of his life in military service, complained to me later that he was in a most precarious

situation. He was no more of a Bolshevik than the Supreme Ruler himself, but rumors had reached him that he was being accused by some officials of sympathy with the Bolsheviks.

"My only crime is that there are a few Bolsheviks in my hospital. But as a physician, you know it yourself, I cannot very well kill them off."

The commandant told me that the old man was indeed unfavorably talked about in military circles, and for that very reason. "I wouldn't be at all surprised if he were found murdered one fine morning."

"But who would murder him, that kind-hearted, innocent old doctor?"

"Some young officer or other. My officers are very zealous fellows," he said with a sneer.

Kolchak, the Allies and the Siberian People

All through December, January and February Kolchak was issuing call after call for officers—for officers of this, that and the other year. I naturally wondered why he did not ask for men. The answer came simply at a little tea-house one evening.

"If Kolchak would only issue a call for a general draft," said a Russian whom I knew quite well, "that would indeed be the end of him. But the devil knows his own game. Kolchak is very well aware that no sooner will any considerable number of the people feel the weight of the rifles in their hands, than his entire diabolical machinery, together with himself, will go up in a cloud of smoke."

In the town of —* I had need one day for a force of ninety Russian soldiers. I applied to General B.

"Ninety men!" he exclaimed. "Where am I going to get them?"

"You have two regiments here."

"True. Two of the most distinguished regiments of the Russian army. One of them consists of 12 officers and 7 men, and the other of 9 officers and 10 men—the crack regiments of the great army that is going to save our Holy Russia."

"Is that the entire force at your command?"

"No. That is what I am fond of calling my 'ideal' force. But I have a real force, too, and my real force is entirely at your disposal. It consists of two adjutants, two bookkeepers and a typewriter girl. You are welcome to make use of it."

The question interested me. For the monarchist papers in Siberia were now reporting great victories in the direction of Perm and towards Samara. I inquired among the "faithful" as to the extent of Kolchak's army. It was true, they said, that his legions consisted mainly of officers. But the Lord was on his side, and he was receiving a great deal of "moral" support from the Japanese, the English and even the French.

And indeed, on January 21st Kolchak's telegraph agency heralded the following messages:

"The British government has expressed through Sir Charles Elliot, British High Commissioner, its great sympathy and interest in the efforts of the Kolchak administration to establish a free government in Russia on the firm basis of public trust."

"The French government, through the French High Commissioner, M. Egnot, expresses its great pleasure in the cooperation between the Ekaterinodar Central government (Gen. Denikin's) and the Kolchak government, and re-

marks that the appointment of Sazonoff as the joint Minister of Foreign Affairs has served to strengthen the Kolchak government, thus leading to a recognition of Kolchak's supreme power."

Sazonoff, by the way, had been one of the mainstays of the Ministry of Tsar Nicholas.

It is not necessary to expatiate on the "moral" and other assistance which Japan has rendered Kolchak. The world is too well aware of the nature of Japan's love for Russia. The proof of the love for the pudding is, after all, in the eating of it.

The Czechoslovak and American policies presented a decided contrast to those of the other Allies.

On November 21st, three days after Kolchak's coup d'état, the following resolution was passed by the Czechoslovak National Council:

"The Russian Division of the Czechoslovak National Council, in order to put a stop to conjectures respecting its attitude toward current events, hereby declares:

"That the Czechoslovak army, which is fighting for the ideals of liberty and the self-government of nations, cannot and will not cooperate or sympathize with a violent change which is perpendicularly opposed to such ideals. The change of the 18th of November at Omsk has subverted the very foundation of that principle of law and order which must be the beginning of every government."

The reader will remember it was proposed, largely through the efforts of President Wilson, to invite representatives of all the Russian political factions, including the Soviet Republic of Central Russia, to a conference at Prince's Island. Kolchak took fright at this, and addressed a message to his army, in which he declared his uncompromising attitude—the Russian people would not deign, he said, to treat with infidels and outcasts—the mission of the army was to rescue the Holy Religion—to purge the land . . . and so forth. Anyone acquainted with the language of the Black Hundred of Imperial Russia can easily imagine the rest.

General Graves thereupon expressed the opinion that if Siberia were to be adequately represented at Prince's Island, those groups of the Siberian population who considered the Kolchak government illegally organized, must be allowed to send delegates as well as the Kolchak government itself.

The Chief of the A. E. F. had open eyes. He refused to allow his troops to do any fighting for Kolchak, or even to hunt Bolsheviki, and kept the American soldiers consistently in the east of Siberia. Moreover, he thought it was wrong to brand all the dissatisfied political elements as Bolsheviki. Whenever reports came in of projected murders of real or alleged Bolsheviki by Kossack freebooters, General Graves sent American soldiers to intercede in behalf of the victims. If executions did take place, as in Habarovsk, it was in spite of the intervention of American troops.

Under these circumstances it was not surprising that Kolchak's press agencies now began to speak of President Wilson as a dreamer and a Utopian. The fact is that Kolchak had ceased to look to America for support in his autocratic ambitions. But he did not need it. He had the substantial cooperation of England and of Japan and even of democratic France.

I now asked a leading Zemstvo official what their course of action would be if the demolition of representative government in Siberia should proceed still further.

"It cannot proceed further," was the disheartened reply. "The process is complete. Our press is muzzled. We are sure to be murdered if we speak aloud. Perhaps

you can think of something? You Americans have had plenty of leisure to think."

I was a little discomfited by the last remark.

"You refer, of course, to our policy of non-interference," I replied. "But you know perfectly well that it is not our business to interfere in your family quarrels."

"No. Your business is simply to sit and witness the interesting spectacle of an autocracy being fastened upon Siberia. And how we welcomed your coming here! You remember?—"

I remembered—the enthusiasm for America and everything American—their eagerness to imitate our ways and methods—their dream of constructing a United States of Russia cast in the mold of the United States of America.

"So you think we had better get out of here?"

"Well, the fact is," he said, "that left to themselves the Russian people could cope with Kolchak very easily indeed. You know, they coped with Nicholas. But they can hardly start a row while their house is full of guests. It wouldn't be polite."

JOSHUA ROSETT.

CORRESPONDENCE

The New Day in North Dakota

SIR: The Industrial Commission of North Dakota has published a booklet containing the principal laws enacted by the 16th Legislative Assembly of the state which recently adjourned. This booklet is called *The New Day in North Dakota* and contains the exact text of the laws carrying into effect the industrial programme of the Non-partisan League. The full text of thirty of these important laws is given, including the laws establishing the Bank of North Dakota, the North Dakota Mill and Elevator Association, the Home Building Association and the Industrial Commission. The booklet also contains the eight laws relating to the condition of labor adopted by the legislature.

Students of economics and politics, educators and persons interested in progressive reforms will, I think, be interested in having a copy of this book. The book is already being used by several colleges and universities in economic classes.

As long as our supply of these booklets holds out we will be pleased to supply them to readers of the *New Republic* who will send us 4 cents for each book to cover cost of postage. If you care to we would be pleased to have you make this announcement in your magazine.

Bismarck, North Dakota. OLIVER S. MORRIS,
Secretary of the Commission,

For the League

SIR: Personally I find the *New Republic* much more enlivening than Mr. Taft—but when Mr. Taft, out of the fullness of his legal knowledge says: "*Now is the Time*"—I just have a feeling it may be worth while to put that dictum—and the rest—into the hands of the suggestor of that Resolution—if perchance he may read and reading may be convinced that it is better to take, *now* any old framework of a League which, later, can be perfected—rather than to "shatter this to bits," in the hope of being able at some indefinitely indefinite period in the dim future, when this agony, raised to the nth power, has been gone through again, to remould it nearer to the heart's desire.

A SUBSCRIBER.

A Protest and Some Comments

SIR: The present foreign policy of the New Republic appears to be based on the following premises:

1. That the Treaty of Versailles is a product of old school European diplomacy totally unregenerated by war; that it differs in lip service, but in no essential principle from the Treaty of Vienna and every typical settlement after previous European wars; that it is a violation of the pledged word of all the Allied nations, and is on the whole a more immoral treaty than that of Brest-Litovsk.

2. That such a Treaty cannot last; that far from guaranteeing peace and stability, it is founded on "seething insecurity," and guarantees nothing but bitterness, a rankling sense of intolerable injustice among millions, bloodshed and future wars.

3. The conditions upon which the United States agreed to guarantee the peace of Europe by full participation in a League of Nations therefore no longer exist (a). Our responsibility to Europe ended when our Allies failed to accept in toto the American conception of a proper settlement (b). We should therefore revert to a policy of detachment from European entanglements except insofar as we participate in harmless discussions at Geneva or elsewhere on delicate points of international law (c).

Provided that the United States adopts this policy the League of Nations as a potent element in international politics will cease to exist (d). With the attitude and participation of the United States uncertain, the only practical course of security for the European nations will be armaments and the old system of special offensive and defensive alliances (e). If a great revolution of embittered and despairing populations who are at present sustained by the hope which the League gives them, did not occur, the statesmen of the Allies would probably have to go even further than this in their efforts for security. France would almost certainly feel obliged to extend her territory to the Rhine; it would not be long before Italian troops had possession of all Dalmatia and the territories contested with Jugo-Slavia. These steps, as imperialists in all the Allied nations could argue plausibly, would be required by elementary prudence. The New Republic contends that

provided American power were not placed behind the Covenant and the treaty, the European Powers, in view of the critical situation, would prudently withdraw all their extreme territorial and economic demands. Precisely the opposite is what has always happened in the past. The more lowering and insecure the future, the more those in power have been impelled to grab everything in sight. The more menacing the growling of the distant thunderstorm, the more tempting the tangible plums in the sunshine at hand appear. "After me the deluge" is the invariable philosophy of statesmen whose grip on the social forces which sustain them has loosened beyond a certain degree (f).

It is all too probable that a condition of affairs would be precipitated in Europe which American assistance would soon be powerless to mitigate. The belief that America could at some future time, when the nations of Europe had, through processes difficult to diagnose from The New Republic's articles, attained our own "approximately disinterested" international standards, enter a better League on her own terms, ignores the fact that by adopting a policy which most Europeans would consider an opinionated and cold-blooded desertion at a time of critical need, America would forfeit for an indefinite future the right to a voice in European affairs (g). The cataclysms of social unrest in Europe, which would follow America's abandonment, would appear to justify the consistent policy of selfish isolation which has been urged by Lodge, Knox, Borah and the rest (h). Hopes of a permanent international organization would therefore have to be indefinitely postponed (i). The European nations do not now and will not in the future care to join a League whose policy is dominated completely by America and from which America can be counted on to withdraw the moment all the other nations of the world do not do in all respects precisely what she wants (j).

We are asked to risk these consequences because of the provisions which the treaty contains regarding the Saar Valley, Shantung, Silesia, and the question of reparations (k). These concessions to the old way of thinking are bad, poisonous sources of future bitterness and provocation. Liberals should use all their power and influence to secure

EDITORIAL NOTE

1. Yes. Brest-Litovsk, while in many respects more grasping than Versailles, was written by avowed imperialists; Versailles was written by men pledged to a Wilsonian settlement.

2. Yes.

3. (a) For "by full participation" read "by underwriting the details of the settlement."

(b) No. Our responsibility never ceases. We must assist the economic restoration of Europe. We must use our influence to secure a revision of the settlement. We must decline to use our influence to stereotype it.

(c) A misstatement.

(d) If the League of Nations ceases to be potent, it will not be because the United States refuses to guarantee unjust and unworkable terms, but because the League commits itself not to progressive adjustment, but to the conservation of unjust and unworkable terms.

(e) On the contrary, the only practical course is to make the settlement tolerable to the peoples of Europe.

(f) "A great revolution" will not result from refusal to assist in enforcing an impossible status in Europe; it may

result from the attempt to enforce it. If the statesmen seek "security" by more imperialism and more militarism, they will be the authors of the revolution if it occurs. There is no other way to peace and security except the democratic way, and no assistance on our part for any other method can avert disaster.

(g) This is based on a misunderstanding. The guarantee of the status quo is not only no essential part of a League, but a direct contradiction of all its promises. A League for the progressive amendment of the status quo may keep the peace; a League to enforce the status quo will produce disorder.

(h) The hope of readjustment alone can prevent the "cataclysm."

(i) A non-sequitur in view of what is stated above.

(j) Who is meant by the "European nations"? The politicians about to go out of office? It is not a question of "America dominating the League," but of all the Powers being dominated by the principles they have proposed.

(k) The "consequences" follow from a bad settlement, not from a refusal to guarantee the bad settlement.

modification of these provisions. They should make their dissatisfaction abundantly clear to the peace delegates (l). But let them not say that "Our representatives in Paris have accomplished nothing toward the abatement of the risk of another world war more terrible than the last, because people will ask whether this represents a sober judgment or is merely an outburst of irrepressible wrath and disappointment because mankind can not be made over in a day (m). The old spirit has not completely dominated the councils of state. The most powerful nations of the world have agreed to surrender important attributes of sovereignty wholly in the interests of international cooperation (n). Long oppressed races have been liberated. Greece, Jugo-Slavia, helpless racial minorities and Jews in many lands are to receive protection and fair play (o).

President Wilson has been accused of standing firm on the Fiume question merely in an effort to vindicate his position among liberals. But if the Jugo-Slavs were denied free access to the sea, a nation would be crushed at birth, an act of irrevocable injustice would have been committed. No other provision of the treaty is irredeemably unjust. The way is left open, the machinery constituted for modification and improvement of every single feature which now appears unfair. If public opinion insists on it, this will be done; if the treaty is administered in a liberal spirit, the evils which The New Republic predicts will not come to pass. Fifteen years from now the wounds of the war will be partially healed; a new generation of leaders will have sprung up in all the Allied countries, whose interest it will be, provided the League of Nations has been constituted, to interpret the terms of the treaty moderately in the interest of world-wide stability and peace. Public opinion will sanction projects which the wounded, sick, ravaged populations of the Allied powers would deem Quixotic now. If the United States without undue delay ratifies the completed Covenant and the treaty giving to the League of Nations the assurance of its material as well as moral support in case of attack, the gradual adjustment of ill-adjusted boundaries, the gradual righting of economic wrongs will follow in proportion to the cumulative development of liberal thought (p).

Is there, as a matter of fact, any force or combination of forces which could have procured, under existing economic and psychological conditions, a better treaty than

that which the Conference finally evolved (q)? Could the American delegation, for instance, by showing greater firmness and courage, by a more direct appeal for the support of radicals the world over have rammed a better settlement down the throat of Europe? Suppose that President Wilson, in the case of the Saar Valley, the matter of reparations, Shantung, and one or two similar issues, had appealed over the heads of the governments with whose representatives he was negotiating to the public opinion of the world.

The case of Italy exemplifies in an instructive fashion that this course might have been "open," but it would not have been diplomacy (r). Where were the liberals of Italy when the President's statement came out? Where was that great body of radical workers who should have sprung to his support? Some of them were raiding Wilson cafés in the hill towns of Italy; others were tearing his name from all public places; still others were trampling on the American flag because the President had issued a very moderate statement of the principles of international cooperation and fair play which the working classes of all countries are supposed to have supremely at heart. Does The New Republic think that the French working classes would have acted any differently if the President had issued a similar statement of the rights and wrongs of the Saar Valley issue (s)? For the matter of that, that any but a minority of Britishers would have failed to rush to the support of their government if the President had issued a public challenge to Lloyd George on his reparations policy (t)?

The New Republic argues that the President could have saved the situation as early as June, 1917, by insisting that the Allies repudiate specifically their secret agreements (u). But anyone who remembers the mood of America at that time, the deep, solemn joy at the passing of the epoch of diplomacy, the coming of that of deeds, will appreciate the psychological impossibility of such a step. To have questioned the good faith of our Allies at that moment of consecration would have been to forfeit the confidence and abdicate the leadership of the American people for the period of the war (v). Again, it is argued that had the President insisted on complete publicity for every single session of the Peace Conference, he could have carried his programme through unscathed (w). Mr. David Lawrence

(l) Exactly. Shall we, now that some but not enough modifications have been made, tie ourselves up so that no more can be made?

(m) We waive the word "nothing."

(n) Please specify.

(o) Coincidentally, other races are being put under alien rule or denied independence,—viz. the Saar, certain of the Polish cessions, German Bohemia, Upper Adige, parts of Istria, German Austria, parts of Galicia, part of the Greater Rumania, part of Lithuania, part of White Russia, probably part of Thrace.

(p) "Irredeemably." How under Article Ten and the unanimity rule can changes be made?

(q) Yes. The President should have insisted upon the revision of the secret treaties during the course of the war. He should have made the legal obligation of the armistice plain to all the peoples. He should have insisted on enough publicity during the course of the negotiations to keep public opinion awake and active. He should have had with him in Paris a truly representative commission from America, really in his confidence, so that when

he spoke for the United States, Europe would not have questioned his authority.

(r) The case of Italy illustrates more than anything else the dire effect of six months of secrecy by Mr. Wilson and six months of propaganda by Italian jingoes.

(s) Yes, if he had acted early enough; no, if he had awaited until everybody was saturated with propaganda and sick of the conference.

(t) As a matter of fact, it was the protest of British Labor and Liberalism which caused Mr. George to reverse the reparation policy at the eleventh hour.

(u) Yes.

(v) Why be sentimental in a world where no one else is? They nearly had a revolution in France just after we entered the war because the people had lost confidence in the good faith of their governments. And as a result of the failure to scrap the secret treaties, Kerensky was doomed, and the way opened to Russian Bolshevism.

(w) It would have been possible to select some middle ground between "complete publicity" and "complete secrecy."

has given very good reasons why such a course would have probably wrecked the Peace Conference within a very few weeks. As it is, every important decision was given out to the public, and revised in accordance with popular criticism.

The New Republic's real quarrel with the President, we take it, is less that he did not obtain a better peace than that, having failed to persuade the Allies to accept his viewpoint in toto, he did not speak as follows: "You have not done what I wanted, and what I believe America wants, absolutely and exactly the way we want it. Therefore, I depart from your shores; you may stew in your own iniquity and not expect any aid or assistance from us until such time as you develop the spirit of complete disinterestedness and international brotherhood which has been attained by the United States of America" (x).

Because he realized that the question of how far we can go in upsetting established habits of thought and action without throwing political and social forces utterly out of equilibrium is very delicate, he is called the dupe of crafty politicians, their accomplice in "hatching an inhuman monster." Because he knows that if we force upon the nations of Europe a treaty which seems to them absurd or Quixotic or revolutionary, we have achieved nothing, he is a failure as an instrument of democracy. The fact that he believes that the spirit of the Fourteen Points can best be made a practical, moving force in the affairs of men by limited concessions to the old way of looking at things which a generation capable of a more dispassionate attitude toward Germany may be trusted to remove, is to you merely a proof that his moral energy has been sapped by the secret vice of incessant self-adulation.

The majority of liberals will, we trust, feel that the President's present interpretation of America's obligation to Europe rings as true as did his interpretation of our obligations during the war. They will be unwilling to follow The New Republic in the radical policy, which in company with Hearst and Lodge, it now proposes. Appreciating its far reaching influence, they will be deeply disturbed that at this critical juncture their forces should be weakened, the hands of reactionaries strengthened, by this split in their ranks. They will sincerely hope that after the first shock of sorrow and chagrin is over at the failure of the Powers to make full use of a unique opportunity to set forward the fortunes of mankind The New Republic will be led to modify its position, to devote more attention to the perils of the course which it advocates, to show greater appreciation of the very real constructive achievements of the Paris conference, and to recognize that without an unreserved (y) acceptance by the United States of full responsibility as a member of the League of Nations the stability and permanences of these achievements cannot be secured.

WILLIAM ADAMS BROWN, JR.
JOHN CROSBY BROWN.
MALCOLM M. DAVIS.
TERTIUS VAN DYKE.
WARREN DANIEL HALL.
HOWARD SWIGGETT.

(x) Misstatement.

(y) The New Republic favors as the next step "reserved acceptance" by which America participates in the League, but does not guarantee the status quo. The value of that participation depends upon a clear realization of the dangers and injustices of the treaty.—The Editors.

Mr. Weyl: Diplomat or Demagogue?

THE indicium of Mr. Wilson's failure at Versailles, according to Mr. Weyl, is the abrogation of his programme contained in the Fourteen Points. There are Americans who say Wilson has failed because he has been too strong. The peace treaty is too severe. Northcliffe says Lloyd George has betrayed the English public, and must be removed because he has been too weak. Clemenceau was the "Tiger" until he met his tamer in Woodrow Wilson, so says the "French Press." Clemenceau is a failure. Orlando in the Fiume and Dalmatian Coast and Island controversy, turned the other cheek, and goes supperless to bed. Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando, are failures because they did not ask and get enough, and Mr. Wilson, because he asked and permitted them to get too much. With what justification then does Mr. Weyl say, "It is significant of the truly diplomatic policy of Mr. Wilson's antagonists that he got the publicity, and they got the treaty." Has anyone been successful at the Peace Conference? Brockdorff-Rantzau, and Dr. Renner do not think they have. It therefore is reasonable to ask if Mr. Wilson has been any more or less successful than any one of the other Big Five.

The end one seeks to attain and does attain is the measure of his success, and I think it will be universally conceded that the end Mr. Wilson sought to attain, was the dynamic realization of his Fourteen Points. At least Mr. Wilson and Mr. Weyl will admit that much. I believe it would be conceded further that Mr. Wilson went to Paris to make realities of his declarations contained in these Fourteen Points. Therefore, a study of these points in the light of what we know about the peace treaty should disclose the degree of Mr. Wilson's success at Versailles, and should be a barometer of his influence.

Mr. Weyl takes up the President's First Point—"Open covenants openly arrived at." Mr. Weyl says, "He has agreed to secret covenants of peace because that was the convenient as well as the orthodox mode of diplomacy, and had given up his chief weapon—the appeal over the heads of diplomatists to the world." Here again, Mr. Weyl is true to form. He assumes his conclusion. Secret treaties, as understood in the world of diplomacy, are such treaties as are concluded between parties that meet secretly, with secret motives, that have no intention to publish their conclusions in toto or in abstract. They are often agreements in the nature of codicils or annexes appended to the main body of the instrument, containing clauses which put in or take out the teeth of the principal agreement. Secret treaties have been political and economic combinations for the purpose of carrying out some sinister motives. They dealt usually with combinations of arms, concessions, monopolies of one kind or another, trade preferences, favorite nation treatment, rebates and drawbacks, etc. They were signed in the dark chambers of diplomacy where the sunlight of publicity never penetrated. Is this true of the Versailles Treaty? The whole world knows the place, the time, the personnel of each meeting. The whole world knows the particular topic of discussion. Today it is the League of Nations, armaments; tomorrow the Saar Valley; a day later the Shantung or the indictment of the Kaiser. Can this be said to be secret? Of course we do not know the exact words and punctuation, but a treaty is not a treaty until it is signed. Negotiations are mere talk until there is a meeting in the minds of the parties. But the Peace Conference has gone further. They have published a summary of their negotiations, containing over twenty thousand words. They have published the League of Nations Covenant in full. One party to the treaty, a party consisting

of ninety million people know the complete text to say nothing of the inhabitants of Holland, the Scandinavian countries, Wall Street, Senators Lodge and Borah. We have not only had open covenants of peace, but open negotiations, and while the reports have not been dictaphonic or stenographic, I believe that it will be conceded that neither the treaty nor the negotiations leading up to it, have been secret. Mr. Weyl says Mr. Wilson failed, "to appeal over the heads of diplomatists." Ask Signor Orlando and Baron Sonnino. They know.

Point Two dealt with "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters alike in peace and in war." I have seen nothing in the peace treaty summaries that have indicated that Mr. Wilson has abrogated this principle. I admit I am not in on the "leak," but Mr. Weyl has not intimated that he was, so we have a common source of authority.

Point Three dealt with "Removal as far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all consenting to the peace." We must not overlook the phrase, "As far as possible," in this point. What may seem to be the limit of freedom to America would be the height of restraint to the free traders of England. "As far as possible," means as far as is consistent with the national welfare of any nation, and that is to be decided by every nation, with a decent regard for the economic well-being of other nations. Coming from Japan, I had the opportunity of conversing with an Argentinian. He resented the Act of Congress of April 10, 1918. He said it permitted an unfair combination of American manufacturers and exporters to keep up the price of products needed by the Argentine. He contended it permitted the United States to keep the Argentine a second rate power on the western hemisphere. "Why do you guard against monopoly and price fixing at home, by the Sherman anti-trust law," he asked, "and then permit a price-fixing ring to control the destinies of my country?" "Ah, you Americans are wolves in sheep's clothing," exclaimed my Latin friend dramatically. I cite this to show only that what constitutes an economic barrier depends largely on point of view. But what economic barriers does the peace treaty contain against any one or any group of the Powers, making up the Allies? Has the Peace Conference enacted anything to the economic disadvantage of England, France, Czecho-Slavia, Poland, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia? But you say, "Of course not," but what about Germany? Point Three says, "Consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance." Mr. Weyl does not contend that Germany or Austria have consented to the peace and associated themselves in maintaining it, so we need not argue this point any further. Has Mr. Wilson been successful?

Point Four says "Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armament will be reduced to the lowest point, consistent with national safety." Mr. Wilson has embodied a paragraph in the League of Nations covenant guaranteeing the reduction of armaments, and to be fair to him, I believe we must assume that he had some part in starting the ball a-rolling by making Germany furnish the precedent. Has Mr. Wilson been successful?

Point Five deals with the colonies. Mr. Wilson says, "Impartial adjustment of all colonial claims based upon the strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interest of the population concerned, must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined." It is important to notice that the "Interests of the population" are to be weighed with "the equitable claims of the govern-

ment, whose title is to be determined." The populations are not only to be considered, but the equitable interests of the governments concerned are also to be taken into consideration. Perhaps a greater idealist than Mr. Wilson would have desired that the populations of the colonies alone, be considered, and the equitable interest of the governments concerned ignored. But that is not what Point Five says. In fact, the Anglophobes who are dubbing the peace as a "British peace" claim that only the British government has been considered. The Anglomaniacs, as well as France, Italy, Russia, Rumania, Czecho-Slavia, Poland, etc., to say nothing of Germany and Austria, contend that in many points the equitable interests of their governments were completely ignored. They further contend that the Wilsonian idea of mandatory powers, has robbed them of their sovereignty, and furnished a dangerous precedent for the future. History certainly furnished sufficient precedent for the complete political annexation by the victorious nation of the conquered. Discovery, development, "special interests," "spheres of influence," have all been levers by which the big Powers have forced their way into the undeveloped parts of the world, and adopting the principle, that possession is nine points of the law, and sanctifying it with the doctrine that the conqueror, the discoverer, the possessor, can do no wrong, retained possession, not only of the land and its products, but of the people in the out-of-way places of the world. What might the Allies have done if Mr. Wilson was not the balance wheel of Versailles? The whole world with the exception of the western hemisphere was their oyster, and they could have proceeded to open it. The partition treaties of Africa might have furnished the precedent for the peace treaty, and the interests of the population concerned have been completely ignored. I, for one, believe that Mr. Wilson, if he did not originate the mandatory idea was an important factor in securing its acceptance as a diplomatic category. I believe that he stayed the arm of France in the political annexation of the Saar Valley, and the Japanese complete absorption in fee of the Shantung. I do not desire to defend the Shantung convention. But if the peace of the world depended upon a compromise with the Japanese or the maintenance of a principle, which would Mr. Weyl have chosen? His answer will determine whether Mr. Wilson has been successful in his point.

Point Six deals with Russia, the evacuation of her territory, and the securing for her of "a sincere welcome into the society of free nations under the institutions of her own choosing." As far as the Teutonic allies are concerned, they have evacuated Russia. The Allies still have troops there, and I shall leave to Mr. Weyl, the answer whether or not they are necessary. But can it be said, "that Russia has institutions of her own choosing" at the present time. Kerensky doesn't think so. Kolchak doesn't think so. Neither do the Mensheviks or the anarchists. I think it is admitted that the Allies will withdraw their troops in the near future, and when a stable government is established, they will welcome Russia into the society of free nations. They are leaning now toward the Kolchak party, as they bent formerly toward Kerensky, and even to the Bolsheviks, which indicates that they will support any de facto government the Russian people desire. Has Mr. Wilson been successful?

Point Seven deals with the restoration of Belgium; Point Eight, the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France; Point Nine, the readjustment of the frontiers of Italy; Point Ten, the peoples of Austria Hungary, "whose place among the nations we wish to see safe-guarded and assured"; Point Eleven, the evacuation of Serbia, Rumania, Montenegro,

and in addition giving Serbia, free access to the sea.

Belgium has been restored, Alsace-Lorraine returned, Italy's frontiers rectified so that Serbia has access to the sea. Has Mr. Wilson succeeded in Points Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten and Eleven?

Point Twelve deals with the Ottoman Empire and the nationalities which were under Turkish rule. These nationalities were to be "assured an undoubted security of life, and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development." What has become of the Turkish Empire? Ask Enver Bey, Talaat Pasha, and the Sultan whether Mr. Wilson has been successful.

Point Thirteen concerns itself with Poland. It is to be granted its independence and "assured a free and secure access to the sea." Mr. Weyl will admit that the Poles are independent, and that they have access to the sea. As to Point Fourteen, Mr. Weyl concedes to Mr. Wilson the League of Nations, but he denies him the privilege of originality in its conception.

Prophet and Politician! By their own standards shall ye judge them. Ah, small minds that play with words, fascinated by the printed page and the plaudits of the gallery. History is your Nemesis. You "strut your idle hour and are forgotten." Did Mr. Wilson go to Paris "like some medieval doctor of Theology with his theses written down on stiff parchment"? Posterity will decide the issue and not the parlor diplomatists.

JOSEPH K. WILLING.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Answer to Mr. Willing

THERE are two methods of approaching a controversial subject. One, the scholar's method, is to seek the truth, whether it helps your argument or not; the other is to make out a case in any way you can.

As an illustration of the first method I beg to refer Mr. Willing to a leader in the New Republic of May 24th, 1919, entitled Mr. Wilson and his Promises. Here is a concrete, impartial and informed statement, which concedes to Mr. Wilson whatever can possibly be conceded, and which should show to Mr. Willing the case that he has to meet. It is incumbent upon him, if he wishes to make out his case, to justify or explain matters like the following; (1) the cession of Kiauchow to Japan; (2) the Saar Valley arrangement; (3) "the application of the principle of self-determination to non-German territory in Germany and its refusal to the Germans of Bohemia, Austria and the Upper Adige"; (4) the exclusion of Germany from the League of Nations; (5) the one-sided disarmament of Germany with no "guarantees" [as a lawyer Mr. Willing knows the meaning of the word "guarantee"] of disarmament by the Allied nations; (6) the surrender of the economic independence of Germany and the establishment against her of economic barriers, etc.

I am no diplomat and make no pretensions to special knowledge in these matters but I could easily give dozens of instances in this treaty of specific violations of Mr. Wilson's principles and could prove, I believe, that the treaty is not only unjust but also unstable and provocative of new conflicts. These violations Mr. Willing ignores or evades as he also ignores or evades all those parts of the Fourteen Points and of Mr. Wilson's other statements of principle that are in conflict with the thesis Mr. Willing attempts to establish. Compare Mr. Willing's truncated Fourteen Points word for word with Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points

and note what is quoted and what omitted. To take only two examples, note Mr. Willing's omissions from Point 10 and Point 12. Cinderella's sister cut off her toes to squeeze her foot into the little glass slipper. Is not Mr. Willing making similar sacrifices in his attempt to force the Treaty of Versailles into some sort of conformity with Mr. Wilson's promises and principles?

A word as to Mr. Willing's method of argument. I quote him textually but with my own italics. He says: "Point Two dealt with 'Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters alike in peace and in war.' I have seen nothing in the peace treaty summaries that have indicated that Mr. Wilson has *abrogated* this principle."

Now Mr. Wilson never agreed not to abrogate the principle of the freedom of the seas in war because the principle did not exist, does not exist today, and not existing could not be abrogated. What he proposed was the creation or establishment of this principle. Why then does Mr. Willing attempt to confound these totally different things?

A final word as to Point Three. Here Mr. Willing makes what is evidently an abortive confession and avoidance. He admits that the treaty raises economic barriers against Germany but insists that this principle of Mr. Wilson's concerning economic barriers applies only to those Powers "consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance." "Mr. Weyl," he continues "does not contend that Germany or Austria have consented to the peace and associated themselves in maintaining it, so we need not argue this point any further."

If Mr. Willing's point were well taken the Allies would not have to apply any of their Fourteen Points in favor of Germany or Austria and Mr. Wilson's promises would have no meaning. But Mr. Willing misunderstands the meaning of a treaty. A treaty of peace "is an agreement, league or contract between two or more states or sovereigns" and there is no treaty with Germany until Germany signs, until she consents to the peace and agrees to maintain it. Mr. Willing here, it seems to me, concedes the whole point that the treaty does violate its promises to enemy nations, which are to be forced to consent to it and to promise to maintain it.

Mr. Willing makes other concessions, mostly unconscious, which I have not the time to point out. I should rather take leave of him as pleasantly as Sir Anthony Absolute closed his controversy with Mrs. Malaprop, "Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question."

WALTER WEYL.

The German Explanation

SIR: Many Americans have wondered how President Wilson succeeded in defeating Mr. Hughes. The secret is divulged by the Berlin Taegliche Rundschau of May 12th:

"This shameful peace is the Wilson peace; he has dishonored himself and deceived us. He hated Germany with the hatred of an Indian, this man who was reelected President of the United States thanks to the pressure brought to bear on German-Americans by our Ministry of Foreign Affairs, ill-informed as always."

B. C.

France, May, 1919.

Books and Things

REVERENCE lessens with the years, and the habit of visiting holy places loses its sway, yet it was not in youth, it was when I was well over thirty, that I found myself one autumn morning in that short street of low houses, not far from the Arc de Triomphe, which is now named the Villa Saïd and which will some day be named after Anatole France.

Look, my friend had told me, not remembering the number, look for the house with an old man's head for a knocker or doorbell, a head made of old Florentine bronze. As long as I dared I stood not far from this door, hoping M. Anatole France would come out or at least show his face at a window. He did not appear. Perhaps he did not know that a stranger before his gate was asking only one thing more to be grateful for, a glimpse of him in his own city and street. Perhaps he knew and did not care. Perhaps he was away from Paris in some Italian town, bending over a drawing or an old coin, lifting his head now and then to look across gardens at some line made by the hills. However this may have been, I had to take myself off at last without seeing the writer whose books have charmed, as no one else's have charmed, all the middle years of my life.

When he wrote *Le Livre de mon ami* he was, as he has told us, "nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita." Now, when he is nearer the end of that way, he gives us a third book of his childhood, *Le Petit Pierre*. The thirty years between the two books have brought him friends and enmities, a clear fame through Europe and in the Americas, the promise of an immortality in which one hopes even he must believe, who believes so little. These years have not left his childhood further behind. To represent time as going by and increasing distances has never been one of his gifts. The space between the thing seen and the seer is always about the same. *Le Chanteur de Kymé* is as near us as *Le Procureur de Judée*, *Monsieur Bergeret* hardly any nearer than *l'Abbé Jérôme Coignard*, although each is set with light certainty among the ideas, the customs, the visible world of his own present, whether ours or not.

Not that Anatole France, who has lived for so many years at the same distance from his childhood, is unconscious of growing older. In *Le Petit Pierre*, after some of the loveliest, most touching words ever written by one man of Latin genius about another, he stops and says: "Je ne veux pas mourir sans avoir écrit quelques lignes au pied de votre monument, ô Jean Racine, en témoignage de mon amour et de mon pitié. Et si je n'ai pas le temps d'accomplir ce devoir sacré, que ces lignes négligées, mais sincères, me servent de testament." Has old age done anything to his genius beyond lessening the number of years in which he can give us new tokens of it? Very little. Perhaps *Le Petit Pierre* brings back no day quite "so cool, so calm, so bright" as the day when Pierre's mother, in *Le Livre de mon ami*, picking him up in her arms and marking with her bodkin a rosebud on the wall of the petit salon, says to him: "Je te donne cette rose." There may be a freshness nearer daybreak on the pages of the older book, an earlier light. The new book is the richer. "Je dirai donc," Anatole France wrote long ago in *Le Jardin d'Epicure*, "je dirai donc que, s'il n'y a pas proprement de style simple, il y a des styles qui paraissent simples, et que c'est précisément à ceux-là que semblent attachés la

jeunesse et la durée. Il ne reste plus qu'à rechercher d'où leur vient cette apparence heureuse. Et l'on pensera sans doute qu'ils la doivent, non pas à ce qu'ils sont moins riches que les autres en éléments divers, mais bien à ce qu'ils forment un ensemble où toutes les parties sont si bien fondues qu'on ne les distingue plus." No one has given a better description of Anatole France's own prose, so like itself always in its apparent simplicity, so changing in the richness of its diverse elements. With what directness he can say, of the avaricious and prosperous landlord in *Le Petit Pierre*: "On ne lui en voulait pas d'être grand ménager de son bien, et peut-être l'en estimait-on davantage. Ce que l'on considère chez les riches, c'est leur richesse." Read the story of *Oncle Hyacinthe* and of the triumph in which he had himself carried, across thirty barricades in the streets of Paris, disguised as a wounded hero, safe to his mistress's house, and she a laundress. Labiche would have laughed aloud at the story. Or read the anecdote of *Caire*, the dog with a sense of the comic—a caricature that Mark Twain might have written, if he had been born long enough ago, and in Tanagra.

Conscientious critics will find in *Le Petit Pierre*, have already found, no doubt, what they call Anatole France's shortcomings. But critics ought not to be conscientious. What do those conscientious Frenchmen mean who say he is impassive? I have no idea. Has any one in any age been more sensitive to the difference between ugliness and beauty, between ignobleness and generosity, between hardness and gentleness of heart? For him these three are the same difference. Nor do I know the worth of the complaint, made by M. André Gide, for example, that he can be understood as well at the first as at any later reading, that he is too readily intelligible, clear even at first sight. One might say as much of Homer's "clearness without shadow or stain, clearness divine." Of course the pleasure one takes in jewels cut and set is unlike the pleasure of hunting for them in African river-beds. The bearing of M. Gide's criticism must I suppose depend upon what one means by "understand." Anatole France has to be sure a clearness no one can miss his way in, even at first, but this clearness is not all. All he has, all he is—this no one can know who has not lived long in the Ile-de-France, who is not in love with its looks and its ways. A Frenchman, one who loves French literature and whose ear is nice, he and no one else can hear all the echoes in Anatole France's prose, echoes repeated in a voice subtly new, of Marot and Montaigne, so they say, of Racine and of La Fontaine, of La Bruyère and Voltaire. Even among Frenchmen such readers are not many, and fewer still must be his perfect readers, who can distinguish all the other elements his art has "si bien fondu qu'on ne les distingue plus."

When one is trying to use a writer's shortcomings so as to define his genius one must stick to his relevant shortcomings, to those that one notices while reading, as things that lessen one's pleasure. Of these Anatole France has, so far as I am concerned, exactly three. A learning which sometimes interests the writer more than the reader—there is no trace of this in *Le Petit Pierre*, where I do notice, however, that Pierre at birth and Pierre at ten years old seem a little disconcertingly of the same age. Except in the case of myth, as in *Putois*, Anatole France has always taken a more attentive interest in being than in becoming. Far away in every imaginative writer is the obscure seat of his greater inclination to things as they are or to the

process by which they have become what they are, of his choice between representing the flowers of life and representing their growth. Artists who are fascinated by the way in which imperceptible changes work the changes that all may see—it is among these that we find the masters of composition, the makers of organic wholes. Few goldsmiths are designers in the large. Anatole France is not. None of his beautifully ordered books has a deeper order than that of time, a deeper unity than that of texture and tone, any unity except in its author's feeling and thought.

This is obvious enough, but do I, after all, feel its truth at any moment of reading? Not often. What I notice oftenest as a diminisher of my joy, as a breaker of his spell, is the frequency with which he remembers that he is a disciple of Pyrrho, who taught that all things are equally uncertain, that nothing can be known. Yes, I could wish the explicit expressions of this scepticism fewer in Anatole France, where they come at last to seem like self-indulgence in a habit, like compliance with a convention adopted years ago and never again looked at closely. To repeat the same gesture of doubt, even if a new grace freshens each repetition, is to do less than justice to a real intricacy in things. The difference between ignorance and learning our utmost may be as interesting as the difference between this utmost and absolute knowledge, and to be unaware of either difference is to see too few planes in the landscape life flows through. His scepticism, however, although when precipitated it tends to obliterate distinctions worth retaining, does no more when in a state of suspension than lightly to azure the atmosphere which envelops all his men and women, and in which each is free to keep his bodily and moral uniqueness. Anatole France sees them, these men and women, with caressing and negligent precision. He sees at the same instant their two motions, their common fatal drift downstream, down a river nobody knows the source of and ending or never ending in nobody knows what sea, and also the motion given to each by his private wishes. In sentences which lie more lightly on their page than anybody else's he passes his judgment of value upon each of his creatures and of God's. These judgments are never explicit. He lets us know them indirectly, by varying the proportion of pity to derision, of affection to mockery, in his feeling toward each of the men and women in his books. His hand has taught elegance and measure to delineate with the last sharpness, his grotesques and gargoyles even being as expressive as his loveliest landscapes, of his preference for classic art; but the finest of all the instruments he works with upon human nature is this derisive sense of tears in mortal things. Never, we say at one moment, was a sense of mankind's absurdity expressed more tenderly, and never, we say again, did affection etch such comic figures. His preference among men and women is for simple and candid souls. These are sometimes learned and meditative, sometimes ignorant dwellers in bodies the laborious years have worn and twisted. Among thoughts he distrusts those that are built upon other thoughts, preferring, as likely to be more lifelike and less vain, the thoughts which memory and the senses bring, and his own profoundest thoughts come to him not at the end of a train of reasoning, but as immediately and easily as his simplest.

Perfect readers of Anatole France are rare, as I have said. Sometimes I wonder whether they exist, for they must have taken part in all the migrations of his soul, must have lived in all its traditions. It is a large order. He was born

on an Ionian island, has looked long at reliefs on Greek temples, has listened to Attic words and to Alexandrine. He has spent a lifetime in Middle Age monasteries, has pored upon the ingenuities of theologians and the lives of the saints, understanding with friendly incredulity the thirst of those passionate hearts at rest now, which once panted after miracle and dogma. He has lingered over the violence and learning of the Renaissance, its superb and cruel joy of living, its medals and painting and smaller bronzes. He has been at home in oldest and in eighteenth-century France, although Racine is the Frenchman he loves best. In the France of yesterday he has been an exile and suddenly a soldier with a sharp sword. Never did gentleness make cleaner wounds.

It is years ago now that Anatole France looked out of his window, watched the crowds going along the quais that border the Seine, saw them as the posterity of the great French writers, and thought the chance slight of their appreciating these masters with justice. I have a little more faith in the men and women of the future, in the posterity of Anatole France. With imperfect understanding and a stumbling tongue one of these will say to him, upon putting down one of his books a few hundred years hence: "Your eyes saw at the same instant, and your mind often recorded in two adjectives, no further than a conjunction apart, those contradictory aspects of man which most of us can see only by making a long journey from one perception to the other. Your words keep all their beauty, your sentences are refined gold, you are wise in all times, your place in our hearts is certain; and since, having had it so long, it is impossible you should ever lose it, our debt of gratitude must rest unpaid for ever and ever."

Or if, dissatisfied with his own words, as he well may be, he looks elsewhere for better words of praise and gratitude, he will not have to look long. Anatole France has described again and again, most of all when least thinking of himself, when looking at the clear and delicate lines of some landscape that he loves, the impression left by his books. Which of these landscapes shall we choose, from Egypt, from Ionia, Italy or France? You remember how Thérèse, in *Le Lys Rouge*, leans on the balustrade at Fiesole, breathes the spring air and looks at Florence, and you remember what is said to her: "*Régardez, regardez encore. Ce que vous voyez est unique au monde. Nulle part la nature n'est à ce point subtile, élégante et fine. Le dieu qui fit les collines de Florence était artiste. Oh! il était joaillier, graveur en médailles, sculpteur, fondeur en bronze et peintre; c'était un Florentin. Il n'a fait que cela au monde. Le reste est d'une main moins délicate, d'un travail moins parfait. Comment voulez-vous que cette colline violette de San Miniato, d'un relief si ferme et si pur, soit de l'auteur du Mont Blanc? Ce n'est pas possible. Ce paysage a la beauté d'une médaille ancienne et d'une peinture précieuse. Il est une parfaite et mesurée oeuvre d'art.*"

Anatole France has long been attached to the belief that wherever our eyes may fall we see only ourselves, and never has he seen himself in a clearer light than when, thinking only of Florence, he wrote these lines, although they give us no idea of the fighter that he has been, no idea of his wit, the finest in the world, no idea of that kindly derision which is too honest to disappear at the sight of goodness, and which nothing but beauty has made him forget.

P. L.

H. M. Tomlinson

Old Junk, by H. M. Tomlinson. London: Melrose.

NO one has the right to look knowing when literature is mentioned unless he is fully aware of Mr. H. M. Tomlinson. Mr. Tomlinson has written one of the finest travel-books, *The Sea and the Jungle*, a classic that will come to its own one day; and he habitually pictures the earth and its changing garments of storm and sunshine in a prose that has no parallel except the prose of Conrad. Not that Mr. Tomlinson has borrowed his style from Conrad, for that is so idiosyncratic, so plainly not a made verbal thing but the beautiful mode of his mental processes, that one might as well accuse him of having borrowed his skeleton. But they are on the same beat. There are certain dramatic events of the weather, certain moving episodes of scenery, the beauty of which appears almost incommunicable by art. Such are the days that have been happening this spring on the Thames estuary, when a snow-storm rolls dirty gray down midchannel and a smudge of yellow light travels behind it along the Kentish hills, and just an eighth of the rain-purple sky is slit with a burst of innocent blue and white weather. Such is that strange, secretive land round Purfleet, where, on marshes that are green differently from green fields, stunted trees stand like fugitives who after a long flight have at last stopped to look behind them. Of things like these, which have a power to evoke human emotions which is mysteriously greater than their relevance to human affairs, only Conrad and Mr. Tomlinson can give an adequate rendering. But Mr. Tomlinson sticks much more strictly to the business in hand. Conrad is too inveterately a novelist, too greatly infatuated with the lunges and bickerings of man's will in its contest with circumstance, ever to present these things without some human embroideries. Into the Thames snowstorm, should he write of it, would sail a ship with a story, with a captain on deck who would shake his fist at the skies in some austere convulsion of nobility; and one of the stunted trees on Purfleet marshes would change into a real fugitive. But to Mr. Tomlinson the plain earth and the wood of ships is enough; after the custom of those who have lived much among sailors he looks on ships not as the work of men's hands but as entities like men themselves, and would understand what the old lady meant who said, as she looked from a railway carriage at the ships being scraped of their dazzle-paint in a Thameside dock, "Well it's a pleasure to see the ships going about again as God made them." He can write of these things unsmirched or unennobled by any human story. He would write of the marshes as unpeopled as they are; but they would matter. And the ship he writes of with most passion, the ship who passes by the great Atlantic liner and by her pitching in the hills and hollows of the waters reminds the pampered passengers that they are crossing the sea that is the ancient and insatiable enemy of mankind, is a mastless derelict. "It was night, I repeat," he says in his description of his arrival at New York by rail. "There was a row of cabs in a dolorous rain. I saw a man in a shining cape under the nearest lamp, and beyond him a vista of reflections from vacant stones, which to me always, more than bleak hills or the empty sound of the sea, is desolation." That phrase conveys the preference which is the dominant note of his work, the preference for those portions of the earth which are not loaded with human accumulations.

That preference would of course be unbearable if it was

due to any sniffiness about men and women; but Mr. Tomlinson is not in the least a superior person. There is a sketch in this volume called *The Pit Mouth*, a description of how a rescue expert went down to a colliery fire ("Vale to Welsby of Normanton. He was a common miner. He is dead.") Which has the heartening quality of a cheer. And in Lent 1918 he commemorates that worst of all springs since the world began, when the daffodil and death came to full bloom together, with an appropriate solemn beauty and a passion of rage against those who made "the untimely bones of the young as usual now as flints in the earth of Europe." Some day, it is apparent from the Flanders sketches in this volume, he will write a war-book, when the wound of what he has seen is less of an agony; and it will be a heartrending book, but perhaps the best worth reading to the generation that comes after us. He writes a great hymn of praise to all the Nobodies who come forward when "the well-born, the clever, the haughty, and the greedy, in their fear, pride, and wilfulness, and the perplexity of their scheming, make a general mess of the world. Forthwith in a panic they cry, 'Calamity cometh!' Then out from their obscurity, where they dwelt because of their low worth, arise the Nobodies, because theirs is the historic job of restoring again the upset balance of affairs. They make no fuss about it. Theirs is always the hard and dirty work. They have always done it. If they don't do it, it will not be done. . . . A hopeless task, but they continue at it uncomplaining, giving their bodies without stint, as once they gave their labor, to the fields and the sea. And some day the planet will get back to its old place under the sun; but not for them, not for them." He writes of such as them with the humor of love. "There was a noise of musical instruments and untractable boots on the floorboards," he writes of soldiers on a transport. "While waiting on the nervous queue on the Day of Judgment one of those fellows will address a mouth organ to the responsive feet of a pal, and the others will look on with intent approval, indifferent to Gabriel." And humanity does not have to be heroic to please him. When he finds a cornchandler's ledger lying open in the mud of a roadway in a ruined village on the Somme, and turns over its pages and reads the records of transaction with customers in places "which did not exist, except as corruption in a land that was tumbled into waves of glistening clay where the bodies of men were rotting disregarded like those of dogs sprawled on a midden," the visions of the common life the ledger evokes make it seem to him a "gospel promising that life should rise again."

Yet, for all that, the human spectacle looks to him infinitely noble and beautiful. He seems to turn on the bare earth and the sea a more intense and happy gaze. It is as if he finds in the natural framework of life the assurance which makes his sensitiveness able to support the cruelty of life, the colliery fire that engulfs Welsby of Normanton, the night that covers so many millions of Nobodies, the mud that has swallowed up the cornchandler and his ledger and his customers. Indeed he tells us explicitly how it is with him in a passage in *The Dunes*, which one quotes with reluctance because quotation seems a wanton tearing of the texture of a perfectly woven essay: "I landed on a broad margin of sand which the tide had just left. It was filmed with water. It was a mirror in which the sky was inverted. When a breath of air passed over the polished surface it was as though the earth were a shining bubble which then nearly burst. To dare that foothold might precipitate the intruder on ancient magic to cloudland floating miles beneath the feet. But I had had the propriety to go bare-

footed, and had lightened my mind before beginning the voyage. Here I felt I was breaking into what was still only the first day, for man had never measured this place with his countless interruptions of darkness. I don't know whether that mirror had ever been darkened till I put my foot in it. After the news I had heard on the quay that morning before starting out, news just arrived from London, the dunes were an unexpected assurance that the earth has an integrity and purity of its own, a quality which even man cannot irreparably soil, that it maintains a pristine health and bloom invulnerable to the best our heroic and intelligent activities can accomplish, and could easily survive our extinction." So the voyager moves about the untrodden dunes, in a mood of spiritual glee, rejoicing in the "tenuous brightness of the place, the shrine of our particular star, the visible aura of earth. We rarely see it. It is something to be reminded it is not lost; that we cannot, whatever else we do, put out a celestial light." Certainly this faith that nourishes itself on light and the unvisited lovelinesses of the world would seem to most men an impossibly austere comforter; but it is so sincerely held by Mr. Tomlinson that it inspires him to an intense vision of the earth which makes his work, even such desultory examples of it as he gives us in this book, a very marvel of beauty.

REBECCA WEST.

Evolution

The Origin and Evolution of Life, Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was once asked how it felt to be a great man. "Well," he replied, "I've just been reading some geology, and that makes you feel that the fame of all the famous men that ever lived is a very small thing." It is indeed only decent of man to be a little humble about his place on the earth. In its millions of years his entrance is late and his part but a moment. Physiologically he cannot quite be called nature's masterpiece. Other vertebrates now extinct surpassed him in adaptation. If he is the present king of the brutes, others have preceded him on the throne. Robbed of the tools of his own making this shivering frangible biped would cut a sorry figure before the monster tyrannosaurus or the sabre tooth tiger. Biologic evolution is a panorama that stuns the imagination in the majesty and multiplicity of its course.

Scientific knowledge is so enormous in bulk and its technique is so elaborate that we do not expect a treatise to have the dramatic intensity and sense of conclusiveness of art. In spite of the dramatic possibilities of the story of evolution, it must be difficult to write a scientific discussion of it that reads like a novel. That it can be done one book at least proves. *The Origin and Evolution of Life* leaves a total impression similar in many respects to Conrad's *Lord Jim*. There is the same sensation of having drained to the last dregs the flavor of the story, of knowing its implications as intimately as one knows the kinesthetic sensations of one's own body, and of there yet being an ocean of mystery that laps about the edges and is glimpsed through the interstices of the plot, an ocean unfathomable to our comprehension and as deep as the spaces between the ultimate stars.

In a discussion of how life originated and evolves it is necessary first to determine what we mean by life. Mr. Osborn quotes Cuvier's definition. "The distinctive

property of life is the maintenance of the individual specific form throughout the incessant changes of matter which occur in the inflow and outflow of energy." In the primordial earth there are no indications of anything conforming to this definition. On the contrary there exist conditions which would be destructive to any such thing yet known. Gradually these conditions must have altered and permitted a new grouping of certain of the chemical elements necessary to life to form a new entity different from all the previous aggregations of inorganic matter. There is a later period when we find (not I, of course, nor probably you, but our fellow men, the scientists), we find a certain thing fulfilling this definition which draws its energy directly from lifeless chemical compounds, requiring neither sunlight nor air to perform its functions—the first definitive organism and our many times removed great grandfather—the primitive bacteria.

Evolution, the multitudinous adventures of the descendants of this microscopic speck to the present inhabitants of the earth, Mr. Osborn prefers to treat in terms of energy rather than form. "In each organism the phenomena of life represent the action, re-action and inter-action of four complexes of physico-chemical energy, namely, those of (1) the inorganic environment, (2) the developing organism, (protoplasm and body chromatin), (3) the germ or heredity chromatin, (4) the life environment." Upon the results of these four energy complexes, "selection is constantly operating wherever there is competition with the corresponding actions, re-actions, and inter-actions of other organisms."

These four energy complexes have had many adventures, one of which is thinking and tool-making man, but an earlier and perhaps more important adventure was the production of chlorophyll. Life had made use of the sun's heat before this, but until this green coloring matter of plants came into being, the sun's light, a symbol of generous life itself, had been useless. Chlorophyll gave to plants the power in the presence of sunlight to seize oxygen and hydrogen from the atmosphere and by combining them with their own carbon release energy. It is possible that without chlorophyll plants might have developed variedly and profusely, for nature is of abundant resource, but the manner of such development is inconceivable. Plants, and animal life, which is ultimately dependent upon plants, there might have been, but not this same vital world which is our familiar home.

What directing impulse brought it about that this greenish compound should occur, and by its occurrence make possible the subsequent life history of the planet? This unanswered question is no greater than the mystery of how the subsequent life itself develops through individuals to forms and species. The governing principle which determines that whales shall give birth to whales, that the offspring of the buttercup shall be buttercups and not dandelions or monkeys appears to lie in the infinitesimal chromatin of the germ cells. The chromatin in the cell nucleus of the giant redwood tree of California is less in bulk than that in the trillium, a plant about sixteen inches high, but trillium and redwood never get mixed in their reproduction. Yet if we go back far enough the ancestors of the redwoods were not like the present specimens, and an ancestor of the whale was a small furred animal dwelling in trees and living on insects.

Why such changes occur, changes so grotesquely vast in sum, but from individual to individual too tiny to be usually appreciable, may be a final mystery. "We may be compelled," says Mr. Osborn, "to regard the origin and

What is "summer reading" anyway?

THIS is the open season for so-called "summer reading." There is a popular impression that this means a "soda water" brand of fiction.

We know a man, however, who welcomes summer as the season when he has time to do some of his most thoughtful reading—a time when he catches up, too, on some of the important books, both fiction and non-fiction, that he has been too busy to read during the winter. He may possibly be an intellectual curiosity, but we venture to believe that there are many like him among the readers of the New Republic who take their summer reading seriously.

Here are 6 notable books, fiction and non-fiction, some of them just off the presses, and all of them deserving of a place in any constructive program for summer reading:

Saint's Progress

By John Galsworthy

A THOUGHTFUL story of the challenge of these times to the world of a middle-aged English vicar; a very modern story of the loss of old-time faith and of the gulf between the generations.

"It's going to be a young world from now on," urges the new generation that has fought the war. "What's the use of pretending it's like it was—and being cautious?"

And in the end the older generation asks itself, as the Vicar looks down at the face of the dead boy, "who had braved all things and moved out, uncertain, yet undaunted: 'Is that, then, the uttermost truth, is faith a smaller thing?'"

Easily the most important literary event of the season. (Published June 20th, \$1.60)

Trailing the Bolsheviks

By Carl W. Ackerman

MR. ACKERMAN went into Siberia to study Bolshevism in action. In the course of his 12,000 miles of travel up and down the country he talked with men of all types, from the droshky

drivers to officers in the Czechoslovak forces; he saw the crowds of men, women and children that slept for weeks in the railway stations for want of a better shelter; he stood in line for hours to get a chance at a public bath house; he saw the Russian Co-operatives in operation as the only constructive force in a land of chaos.

His book presents an unusually graphic picture of conditions in bewildered Siberia. (Published June 20th, Illustrated, \$2.00)

Democracy

By Shaw Desmond

A NOVEL of the British labor struggle of the hour by a brilliant young Irishman.

"It is the living voice of struggling democracy itself" according to the New York Sun, more potent than programs, louder than manifestos, and more interesting than either. And the remarkable thing is that anyone, especially an Irishman, could write it and present the case of labor so sympathetically, and at the same time 'with reservations,' as we say of the covenant."

Throughout the intense action—notably the inimitably done labor conference and mass meetings, culminating in the general strike and the disillusioning battle in the streets—are woven a group of vividly drawn personalities. (\$1.60)

The Mastery of the Far East

By Arthur Judson Brown

THE oldest group of nations in the world is breaking up and reforming on the other side of the world before the eyes of this generation of ours. There is a new alignment of races going on across the Pacific about the Korean peninsula as the strategic point.

What is Japan doing in Korea and China—and why? Is Korea to be Japan's Ireland? And why did Japan first oppose and then favor China's entrance into the European War? Here is a new book of the very first importance

on this subject, of which the New York Times says, in the course of a third-column review: "Readers who have learned to expect violent partisanship from almost any writer on Far Eastern affairs will be delighted by the impartiality and good judgment which pervade this entire book." (\$6.00)

Miss Fingal

By Mrs. W. K. Clifford

THIS exquisite novel of English life, involving the most subtle of all psychic phenomena, the reincarnation of personality, is causing a great stir in England. Sir Sidney Colvin, Maurice Hewlett, W. P. Ker, Percy Lubbock and Charles Whibley are enthusiastic about it, while Sir Charles Walston has sent an article on it to the Nineteenth Century.

No wonder no less a critic than Keith Preston of the Chicago Daily News hails it in this country as "The most fascinating novel of the entire season." "Here you have no ouija boards," Mr. Preston continues, "no clap trap, and, above all, not a word of argument. But the impression, though subtly projected, is vivid and convincing beyond anything we have seen." (\$1.50)

The Book of the National Parks

By Robert Sterling Yard

"AS a people, our enjoyment of scenery is almost wholly emotional," says the author of this book. "The national parks of America include areas of the noblest and most diversified scenic sublimity easily accessible in the world; nevertheless it is their chiefest glory that they are among the completest expressions of the earth's history. The American people is waking rapidly to the magnitude of its scenic possession; it has yet to learn to appreciate it." One of the principal objects of his book has consequently been to give some understanding of the geological and historical background of scenic America. (Illustrated \$3.00)



Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Avenue at 48th Street
New York City



evolution of life as an ultimate law, like the law of gravitation, which may be mathematically and physically defined, but cannot be resolved into any causes." How they occur is only less mysterious. The body of descriptive facts is legion, but the known principles are few. Natural selection plays its part, but a much smaller part, most biologists now appear to think, than was first believed. Adaptive radiation, recapitulation of evolution, reversed and alternate adaptation, counteracting evolution, organic selection are ways of describing certain habits that nature has acquired in the production of life. It seems to pass human comprehension how these and other principles and the resulting forms of life can be remembered by that inscrutable blob of matter, the heredity chromatin, for the vague word memory is the only way to describe the reproduction in countless generations of characters, which, though they may be altered to fit the environment, are yet essentially similar. The heredity chromatin never loses a character without good reason. But it is interesting to note that if a character is once lost because it has become useless or detrimental, it cannot spring into being again. Should the environment change, or the creature return to a previous environment so that its circumstances resemble once more the long-forgotten conditions in which that character, that fin or paw was of service, the character will not be born again. The heredity chromatin must begin afresh and by gradual development of change of function create something new. Its memory is perfect, but it has no power of recollection.

If the phenomena of evolution are the result of interaction between the body protoplasm and the heredity chromatin, what is the manner of this interaction? Science knows not. It does not even know empirically that there is interaction. Astonishing things can happen to the body without being mirrored in the germ. Children are not born lame because their father's leg has been cut off. Yet if there is no interaction what can explain a drama that unfolds with such apparent grandeur of purpose and in such multiplicity? Chance? It is a peculiar chance that has placed in juxtaposition trees and the long-necked giraffe. An external perfecting principle? It is a principle that has over-reached itself many times. The forms of life which have disappeared are frequently just those forms which were best adapted. The tyrannosaurus was absolute monarch of the organic world of its time. It was, according to Mr. Osborn, "the most destructive life engine ever evolved." But in the presence of a change in its environment, slight perhaps in geological history, tyrannosaurus was as helpless as a naked man would be in its teeth and claws. It was too specialized, too highly developed to re-adapt itself, and so it went the way of innumerable other wonderfully specialized attempts of this perfecting principle.

Mr. Osborn's book stimulates and defines many intriguing questions. They are questions as old indeed as self-conscious thought, but the book wipes away the blur about their edges and presents them with their meaning cleared, sharpened and intensified. The answers to many of them are far to seek, and yet it is repugnant to our intelligence and pride to believe they can never be answered. If we are the summit of evolution, the unrecognized ideal foreshadowed in the pains and deaths of countless other species, the proof is not yet.

Humility is wise. William Vaughn Moody has finely expressed the absurdity of too much pretension on this score in his poem called *The Menagerie*.

But why should they her botch work turn about
And stare disdain at me, her finished job?
Why was the place one vast suspended shout
Of laughter?
I, I, last product of the toiling ages,
Goal of heroic feet that never lagged.
A little man in trousers, slightly jagged.

If man is indeed to be the goal of all the ages it is because, instead of changing himself too much to suit his environment he can by taking thought change his environment to suit him. He might be said to be nature's first trial of democracy. Hitherto, as the physical conditions surrounding her creatures changed she had attempted to change them to fit, with occasionally disastrous results to them. But whether geology was too much for her, or whether in the ennui of repeating a principle through countless ages, she was seized with the sudden joy of a new idea, and resolved to experiment, it is not written. At any rate came man, possessed in his intelligence of a vote on some at least of the conditions of his government, not a majority vote to be sure, but still an appreciable voice in the parliament of the universe. The lesson is easy to read. Man may still be outvoted or howled down in some cataclysmic revolution of the elements, and be as though he had not been. Geology may still be found too much for mother nature, or the foolishness of her children may circumvent her and botch her experiment. Nevertheless in this particular planet that we know this democratic principle is new. The fight is ours, and whatever be the outcome, it will have been worth making.

K. H.

Rupert Hughes and Karl Marx

The Cup of Fury, by Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Bros.

DURING the coal famine of 1916 Mr. Hughes has his heroine get up one morning in her luxurious home in Washington only to find that she will have to do without a bath. The novelist cannot resist the opportunity the situation accords him to indulge in aside: "In modern history, as in modern fiction, it is not nice in the least for the heroine—even such a dubious heroine as Mamise—to have a bathless day. As for heroes, in the polite chronicles they get at least two baths a day. . . . This does not apply to heroes of Russian masterpieces of course, for they never bathe. ('Why should they,' my wife puts in, 'since they're going to commit suicide anyway?')"

In this pleasant fashion Mr. Hughes takes the reader into his confidence, slaps him on the back, establishes with him at once that intimacy of relation which Mr. Frank Tinney would describe as "clubby." Such geniality is ingratiating but it would be more ingratiating still if one could be sure that it is altogether unmixed with shrewdness. By the time you have reached this point in the novel you know that Mr. Hughes has a vaudeville performer's instinct for popular prejudices; indeed the vaudevillian manner is salient in his style, the snappy facility, the rapid-fire antitheses, verbal slapstick. ("Some of these . . . ladies of fashion were said to be prominent in charity; most of them were prominent out of their corsages.") Mr. Hughes probably knows that when he refers to the indifference to cleanliness of characters in Russian fiction he is pretty sure to bring a laugh from those who have not read Russian fiction, that is to say, from most of his readers. His radical

laborer, Jake Nuddle, on whom Mr. Hughes expends too much vituperation for so feeble a caricature, embodies all the popular superstitions about the radical as atheistic, lazy, polygamous—and unwashed. It is a time-honored device and "sure-fire"; one remembers a short story by Mr. Biggers, *Soap and Sophocles*, which depended for its humor on this easy identification of radicalism with an antipathy to soap. "You and I," says Mr. Hughes to his reader in effect, "are well-tubbed, rosy fellows, moral and eupeptic. But the Russians and that crowd—these dissatisfied, gloomy fellows—no bathtubs!"

As for the fable itself, it is skilfully managed enough. Only Mr. Hughes is too modest when he refers to his heroine as "dubious." She is not in the least dubious but belongs quite naturally to that legionary tribe of heroines who keep a story suspended by their heroic and unremitting idiocy. But Mr. Hughes is really no more interested in his story than the reader, probably even less. His chief preoccupation seems to be with the problems of capital and labor and the proposed solution of the Bolshevik; scarcely a page passes without some illuminating contribution to that perplexed issue. Even a succulent passage describing a fashionable dance, which is compared to the "ultimate intimacies of the rites of ancient Babylonia" winds up with a reference to "certain Bolsheviks who put up placards renewing the ancient Babylonian custom, under the guise of a community privilege and a civic duty."

Also Mr. Hughes is troubled about Karl Marx. When the hero, the shipbuilder Davidge, is about to discharge the trouble-breeding workman, Jake Nuddle, a typical radical who believes that "work is a crime against the sacred cause of the workingman," the latter protests that his wife and children are depending on him for a livelihood. "Well do what Karl Marx did," replies the alert Mr. Davidge, "let them starve or live on their own money while you prove that capital is as he said, 'a vampire of dead labor sucking the life out of living labor.'" This quotation is referred to so often that one wonders whether Mr. Hughes has read any of Marx's other writings. Elsewhere, we are told, when this same Nuddle's cruelty to his family is the subject of discussion, that "it is too much to expect that one who tenderly considers mankind in the mass should have time to consider them in particular." Nuddle, who is simply a yegg, is chosen by Mr. Hughes to symbolize this sort of disinterestedness; presumably he is Karl Marx dramatized.

Still the novelist is not entirely unfair to labor. In the last part of the story he introduces a "good" workman, Iddings, not very robust mentally, but faithful. With Iddings, Davidge has a long discussion about labor-problems and finally crushes him with the following argument: "If you took all that Rockefeller is said to have and divided it among the citizens of this country you'd get four or five dollars apiece, at most and you'd soon lose that." Iddings is not resourceful enough to reply to this bit of ratiocination and is left by the triumphant Davidge gasping and inarticulate.

Mr. Hughes in this story appears to be haunted by an obsession. He stacks his cards. He argues, querulously. He seems to be dreadfully worried about something.

S. N. B.

Contributors

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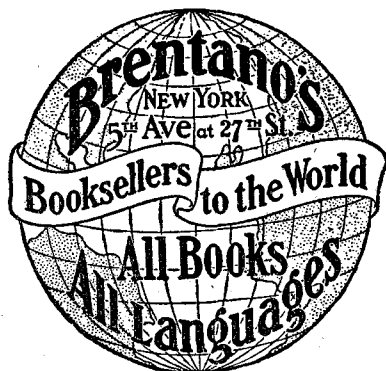
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